

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

No. 258.—VOL. X.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1879.

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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MADemoiselle AMBRÉ.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.
Every Evening at 7.30, the New Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled **JACK AND THE BEANSTALK**; or, **Harlequin and the Seven Champions as We've Christened 'em**. Written expressly for this Theatre by Mr. Frank W. Green. New and magnificent Scenery by Julian Hicks, Son, and assistants. The whole invented and produced by Charles Harris. Principal Artists: Miss Fannie Leslie, Miss Clara Jecks, Miss Katie Barry, and Miss Lizzie Coote, Mr. G. H. Macdormott, Mr. E. J. George, Mr. G. Vokes, Master C. Lauri, Mr. Tully Lewis, and Mr. Herbert Campbell; Mdlle. Limido, premiere danseuse (from La Scala, Milan), supported by Mdlle. Sidonie; Clown, Mr. Harry Payne.

MORNING PERFORMANCE Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday until further notice, commencing each day at 2 o'clock. Children under twelve admitted to Morning Performances at Half-price to all parts of the house on payment at the doors only. The only authorised Box-office under the portico open daily from 10.0 till 5.0, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall. Prices of admission:—Private Boxes from £4 4s. to 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 7s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (Reserved), 3s.; Unreserved, 2s.; Pit, 2s. (for the first time at this theatre); and Gallery, 1s.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Every evening at 7.30, will be performed the Drury Lane Grand Comic Christmas Annual, by E. L. Blanchard, entitled **CINDERELLA**; or, **HARLEQUIN AND THE FAIRY SLIPPER**. The new and characteristic scenery by William Beverley. Characters in the opening by the celebrated Vokes Family, &c.; premiere danseuse, Mdlle. Marie Gosselin. New song, "Cinderella," composed by Julia Woolfe. Double Harlequinade Fred Evans and Charles Lauri, Clowns. Madame Helena's Performing Dogs, Edwin Ball's Combination Bicycle Troupe, Performing Pigeons and Monkeys. Preceded at 7 by an original farce, entitled **HIS NOVICE**. Mr. Edward Stirling, Stage Manager; Mr. James Guiver, Treasurer. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box office open from ten till five daily. Prices 6d. to £5 5s.

"CINDERELLA" MORNING PERFORMANCES every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, to which Children and Schools Half-price to all parts, Upper Gallery excepted. Doors open at 1.30, commence at 2. Box-office open 10 to 5 daily.—**THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.**

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

THE CRISIS, a new comedy in 4 acts, adapted by James Albery from Augier's **LES FOURCHAMBAULT**, the greatest success of the past Paris season. Characters by Mrs. John Wood, Misses Fastlake, Lucy Buckstone, and Miss Louise Moodie. Messrs. Howe, Kelly, D. Fisher, jun., Weathersby, Fielder, and W. Terriss. Every evening at 8.30, and every Saturday morning at 2.30. The comedy preceded every evening by a farce by Percy Fitzgerald, Esq., entitled **THE HENWITCHERS**.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET, EVERY EVENING.

7.30.
HAMLET, MR. HENRY IRVING.

OPHELIA, MISS ELLEN TERRY.

HAMLET.—LYCEUM.—EVERY EVENING, 7.30.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor, Mr. Benjamin Webster. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Every Evening, at 7.45, **PROOF**. Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, C. Harcourt, L. Lablache, H. Cooper, J. Johnstone. Mesdames Bandmann, A. Stirling, Billington, D. Drummond, R. Bentley, Kate Barry, and Bella Pateman. Preceded by **TURN HIM OUT**. Mr. J. P. Bernard. Conclude with **SHRIMPS FOR TWO**.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Great attractions for the holidays. Every evening, until further notice, at 7, **ON AND OFF**. Followed by **HIS LAST LEGS**. W. H. Vernon. After which **THE BABY**. Messrs. Loredon, Marius, H. Cox, E. Marshall, H. Carter, F. Wyatt, L. R. Cade, H. Turner, &c.; Mesdames Lottie Venn, Violet Cameron, Maud Howard, G. Williams, G. La Feuillade, and the Ladies of the Chorus, &c. Doors open at 6.30.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—MR. HARE

has the honour to announce that this theatre will RE-OPEN (for the FIFTH SEASON under his management) THIS SATURDAY, with the celebrated comedy of **A SKAP OF PAPER**, and the one-act play **A QUIET RUBBER**. The following ladies and gentlemen will form the company:—Mrs. W. H. Kendal, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss C. Grahame (her first appearance in London), Miss Cowle, Miss M. Cathcart; Mr. W. H. Kendal, Mr. T. N. Wenman, Mr. Mackintosh (his first appearance in London), Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. W. Herbert, Mr. W. Younge, Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Hare. Acting-Manager, Mr. John Huy.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Sole Manager and Proprietor, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.
GRAND HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT. More screamingly funny than any Pantomime in London. At 7.15, **A HUSBAND IN COLTON WOOL**. At 7.45, the comedy drama **RETIRED**. At 9.30, Gilbert's celebrated comedy, **THE WEDDING MARCH** (last nights). Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, W. J. Hill, J. G. Grahame, C. Steyne, and the entire strength of the Company. Seats can be secured in advance. In active preparation a new Burlesque entitled "Carmen," or, **Sold for a Song**. Supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Lionel Brough, W. J. Hill, and full company. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

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IMMENSE SUCCESS OF THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

First appearance in this country of the **LITTLE QUIRITY**. Every Evening at 8, and **WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY** mornings at 2.30, **MADAME ANGOT**, in which the Great Little Italian Comedian, **NATALI VITULLI**, and the entire company will appear (ages ranging from 9 to 15 years). To be followed by a **BALLET DIVERTISSEMENT**. Director, Signor A. Bengalia. Ordinary prices. Children under twelve and schools at a reduced tariff to morning performance. Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchens.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—1,277th

Night of **OUR BOYS**. Every Evening, at 7.30, **A HIGHLAND FLING**; at 8, the most successful comedy, **OUR BOYS**, written by H. J. Byron (1,277th and following nights). Concluding with **A FEARFUL FOG**. Supported by Messrs. Ithorne, Flockton, Garthorne, Naylor, Bradbury, Austin, and Hargreaves; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.
Genuine success of Charles Reade's **IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND**. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded by **FAMILY JARS**, at 7.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.
The Grand Pantomime, **ROBIN HOOD**; or, **HARLEQUIN THE MERRY MEN OF SHERWOOD FOREST**. Every evening at 7. Superb Spectacle, the Conquest of Cyprus by Richard 1st. **MORNING PERFORMANCES**, every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 1. Children under 10 Half-price. No fees for booking.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening at 6.45, will be presented the Grand and Successful Pantomime, **THE MAGIC MULE**; OR, **THE ASS'S SKIN AND THE PRINCESS TO WIN**. Mrs. S. Lane, Mdlles. Polly Randall, Summers, Luna, Ada Sidney, Rayner, Newham, Pettifer; Messrs. Fred Foster, Bigwood, Lewis, Ricketts, Wilson, Reeve, Hyde, Tom Lovell. Concluding with **A LEGEND OF WEHRENDORF**. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Rhyds, Drayton, Towers; Mdlles. Bellair, Adams, Brewer.

THE CANTERBURY THEATRE OF

VARIETIES.
TRAFALGAR.

The Victory at Sea. Moorish Dagger Ballet at Gibraltar. The West Indies. Jack ashore at Portsmouth. Songs and Hornpipes. Nelson's Departure from England. Castanet Ballet at Cadiz. On Board the Victory. Musket Drill. Cutlass Drill. Shortening Sail. Beating to Quarters. The Battle. The Death of Nelson.

The *Daily Telegraph* says:—"Arranged in a manner well calculated to invite an expression of patriotic sympathies and evoke enthusiastic plaudits." The *Observer* says:—"Surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted." **VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT** during the Evening: Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Mr. Fred Wilson, the Kiralfys, &c.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—

LA POULE AUX ŒUFS D'OR.—EVERY EVENING Mesdames Emily Soldene, V. Granville, C. Vesey, Bertie and Constance Loseby; Messrs. Knight Aston, A. Cook, L. Kelliher, J. Dallas, C. Power, Mat Robson, F. Hall, and E. Righton. The Girards and M. Brunet and Mdlle. Reviere, the celebrated Ruffo Duetists. Three Grand Ballets, arranged by M. Bertrand, ballets by M. G. Jacobi. Prices from 6d. to £2 12s. 6d. Commence at 7.30.—Manager, Mr. Charles Morton.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—

Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—Every Evening at 7 the new Pantomime, **HOKEE POKEE**, by G. Conquest and H. Spry. Splendid scenery by Mr. Soames and assistants. Music by Mr. Oscar H. Barrett. Characters by Mr. G. Conquest and Son, H. Parker, H. Nicholls, Syms, Vincent, &c.; Mesdames Maude Stafford, Du Maurier, Victor, A. and L. Conquest, Inch, &c. Harlequinade by R. Inch, Clown; E. Vincent, Pantaloon; W. Ozmond, Harlequin; Miss Ozmond, Columbine; Sprites, the Bros. Monti. Morning Performances Mondays and Wednesdays, at 1.30.

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MANATEE, the Mermaid, now on view, admission 6d.

2.30. Theatre, **ALADDIN**.

3.15. Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.

5.30. Zazel the marvellous.

7.30. Vocal and Instrumental Concert.

8.0. Theatre, **ALADDIN**.

8.30. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.

10.30. Zazel's second performance.

Dare Brothers, Tell and Tell, Verne and Boyton.

Ben-zoung-zoung, Turks, Zaro, Martinetti Troupe, M. Witham, Paulo Troupe, Valjeans, Wonderland, and Zazel.

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The *Morning Post* says:—"It is decidedly the best ever given at the Aquarium."

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The *Daily Telegraph* says:—"The true, genuine, and unadulterated art of pantomime is shown in bright and clever colours. As to the Transformation Scene, the children's voices gave the best testimony to its worth."

The *Daily News* says:—"Welcomed with tokens of approval as spontaneous as the peals of laughter." The *Standard* says:—"The whole pantomime so admirably acted must be pronounced a decided success."

The *Globe* says:—"The most brilliant tableaux and effects being obtained." The public say a capital pantomime, admirably acted with pretty faces, beautiful scenery; undoubtedly the successful pantomime of the year—Royal Aquarium. Every Evening at 8; Every Afternoon at 2.30. Book your seats to prevent disappointment.

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THEATRE, Westminster Bridge-road.

Complete success of the Christmas entertainment.—Vide the entire Press. Hear public opinion, which declares this great programme to be the very best in London. The performances will commence each AFTERNOON and EVENING, at one and seven (doors open one hour previous).

A celebrated Continental staff of Riders, Rope-dancers, Gymnasts, and Clowns (including Pietro, and Original Little Sandy) will appear at each representation morning and evening. To be followed by the grand spectacular portion of **RICHARD III.** (the Fifth Act), the Battle of Bosworth Field, and the Death of White Surrey. Concluding with the grand tableau. After which will be produced the magnificent Christmas Pantomime of **HARLEQUIN CINDERELLA AND THE GLASS SLIPPER**; or, **THE LITTLE MAID THAT WAS MADE A PRINCESS**, introducing the most powerful cast in London, supported by 1,100 Persons, 190 Horses, 60 Ponies, eight Camels and Dromedaries, Zebras, the Horned Horse, Polar Bears, four Giraffes, and 12 poudrous performing Elephants, all taking part in this gigantic pantomime.—Box-office open ten till four. Places may also be secured at the principal libraries. Prices from 6d. to £5 5s. Children under ten half-price to all parts excepting amphitheatre, pit, and gallery.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-

street, Oxford-circus.—**CHARLES HENGLER'S** unrivalled ENTERTAINMENT.—SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS for the HOLIDAYS. The renowned Riders, Gymnasts, and Drollers of Clowns. Every day and evening at 2.30 and 7.30, a Brilliant Programme, including the Martial and Picturesque Spectacle, entitled **BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE**; or the Congress of Scotland's Warriors. Box Office open daily from 10 to 4. Proprietor, Mr. Charles Hengler.

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The successful Holiday Programme will be continued nightly at 8, Mondays and Saturdays at 3 and 8. Hamilton's EXCURSIONS and GRAND PANSTERBORAMA of Passing Events, with superb and realistic scenes in Cyprus, England's Ironclad Fleet, the Victorious March of the British Troops through the Kyber Pass, Grand National and Patriotic Music by an efficient band, the O.I.C.M. Minstrels, the Afghan Warriors, and the Niggers Nick Pick. 6d. to 2s. Stalls, 3s.

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Pronounced by all the leading daily and weekly Papers to be

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EVERY AFTERNOON AT THREE,

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT,

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TAINMENT. A TREMENDOUS MYSTERY, and A TRIP

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BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

GRAND CARNIVAL.

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WAR: Shere Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan; our Envoy, Nawab

Gholan Hussein Khan; a Group of the principal Indian Tributary Princes;

Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India. An interesting Portrait Model of the late

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St. Peter's; Peace, the Blackheath Burglar, &c.—Admission 1s.; extra

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THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GAR-

DENS, Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sundays) from

9 a.m. to Sunset. Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d.

The Gallery of Water-Colour Drawings of Animals is now open.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Tour terminated

at the THEATRE ROYAL, CORK, on December 14th, and (after

a month's rest) will RE-COMMENCE in Scotland, on the 20th of January,

1879.—Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

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Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR

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The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

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NEXT WEEK'S issue of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain the following illustrations:—Portraits of Madame Rose Hersee and Mr. Alfred Thompson—"A Welcome Thaw," by J. Sturgess—Scenes from *Cinderella* at Drury Lane Theatre and *Jack and the Beanstalk* at Covent Garden, by H. D. Freston—Pencilings from the London Pantomimes, by A. H. Wall—Sleighting in the 17th Century—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—A Wintery Day, &c., &c.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR.

CANTWELL," drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 148, Strand, London

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BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

HAS TWENTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,

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Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.

Guaranteed pure Soluble Cocoa of the Finest Quality, with

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THE FACULTY pronounce it "the most nutritious perfectly digestible

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keeps better in all Climates, and is four times the strength of Cocoas

thickened yet weakened with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. Made with

boiling water, a teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup, costing less than a half-

penny. In tin packets

Why, she's the mare we sent to Tattersall's last month," the groom answered; and if the Master doubted at the time he was speedily convinced before he had ridden her over half a dozen fences.

It is now apparent that when Zazel makes a journey she follows the ordinary course of taking the train, and is not shot from a cannon aimed towards her destination and charged with a quantity of powder nicely calculated to take the beautiful and accomplished cannon ball to the journey's end. At least Zazel does not exactly "follow the ordinary course," for it is sad to find that she rides in a class of carriage superior to that to which her ticket entitles her. Considering what an attraction Zazel has been at the Aquarium for so long a time, and without laying special stress on the trifling fact that she risks her life twice a day, it might have been supposed that those who derive rich benefits from the clever but dangerous performances of the "fair arteest" would have paid for her the very small difference between a first and second-class ticket from Sloane Square to St. James's Park.

In the midst of this grand triumph at the Lyceum Theatre with which all London is ringing, Mr. Henry Irving's thoughts may well go back two-and-twenty years to the time of his first appearance as "Orleans" in *Richelieu*, on the boards of quite another Lyceum Theatre. There he stands, a tall, slim, timid lad of sixteen, weak of voice, awkward of gesture, and trembling with nervous apprehension as he hears horribly the coarse chaff of the pitmen, the tittering in the boxes, and suppressed laughter behind the scenes. This *début* of his is apparently a failure, and already he begins to confess that his desertion of the East-India merchant's office for the stage was a mistake, an impression which the ridicule of the local papers will speedily confirm. One voice only cried "Courage!" In that year, 1856, the low comedian of the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, perceiving how enthusiastically earnest and yet how woefully inexperienced and nervous the poor lad was, befriended him with advice, instruction and encouragement. The kindly sympathetic spirit in which this was done has never been forgotten. The other day, when the "sole lessee and manager" of the Lyceum Theatre, London, was organising a great dramatic company of his own, one of the first engagements he made was that with this same kindly-natured old provincial low comedian, Mr. Samuel—better known as Sam—Johnson, who on Monday last, advised, assisted and encouraged in his turn, made almost his first appearance on the London boards as "The First Gravedigger" in that wonderfully solemn and impressive churchyard scene of which you have this week heard so much. It's quite a Christmas story—isn't it?

TALKING, by-the-bye, of Christmas stories, here are a few that have the disadvantage of being perfectly true. Matilda Cole, a poor needlewoman who had been most industrious so long as she could obtain work, was found dead in the snow on Christmas morning outside a house in Nottingham Street, No. 12. Mrs. Wyld, a needlewoman, of 23, Princess-row, Newport Market, the mother of the deceased, had relieved her as often as her own straitened circumstances would permit. The clothing on the poor creature's body was tattered, and her shawl could nearly be seen through. It needs little imagination to fill in the tragic details of such a Christmas story.—The body of James Beavan, of All Stretton, Shropshire, was found dead in the snow with a coffin beside him which he had made and was taking home for the body of a Christmas suicide. Apoplexy was the cause of his death, and the story of that finding is assuredly grim and ghastly enough for the winter fire-side at yuletide.—From one of the South Kensington officials, possessed with the kindest spirit of the season, each of the sick little ones in the hospitals received on Christmas morning a Christmas card. A short and sweet little Christmas story is that.—Amongst the many tales of distress brought to us from Sheffield by the *Daily News* is one of a poor woman, two of whose children died in her arms from cold, want, and exposure. What horror imagined for making the fiction readers' blood run cold can surpass that?—Mr. John Robinson, one of the Town Councillors of Nottingham, gave £500 towards the Christmas enjoyment of the poor of the town. He not long since gave away the same sum for charitable use. The true old genial Christmas spirit of good will towards men is in that story.—One hundred and fifty poor widows and aged people each received a loaf of bread, two ounces of tea, and three pounds of beef for roasting, out of funds collected by Messrs. Purvis and Grant, of Newcastle.—The butchers of Leeds in the Briggate and the Shambles gave thirty stones of meat and bones for soup to feed the poor on Christmas Day, and promised to continue a daily supply of soup so long as there was special need for it, as, alas! there has been. These are the sort of yuletide stories ROUND ROBIN loves to tell.—In Fleming-street, Glasgow, a mother, son, daughter, and son-in-law, were found dying of starvation. The two men had been without work for six weeks. The mother was dead. There is no space for more such stories of Christmas, 1878, or many could be told; but we cannot altogether ignore them—silence would be reproachful.

By-the-bye, poor Matilda Cole, found dead in the snow, is only another of many cases in which starvation was preferred to that parish aid which has been so systematically associated with all that is repulsive and degrading. Do you remember a fine passage in *Our Mutual Friend* about that system. Just now, when felons' work is argued for as the best for paupers, it is worth quoting.

Yes, verily, my lords and gentlemen, and honourable boards, adapting your catechism to the occasion, and by God's help so you must (off with your honourable for the removal of a mountain of pretentious failure). For when we have got things to the pass that, with an enormous treasure at disposal to relieve the poor, the best of the poor detest our monies, hide their heads from us, and shame us by starving to death in the midst of us, it is a pass impossible of prosperity—impossible of countenance. It may not be so written in the Gospel according to Podsnappery; you may not find these words for the text of a sermon in the

returns of the Board of Trade; but they have been the truth since the foundations of the universe were laid, and they will be the truth until the foundations of the universe are shaken by the Builder. This boastful handiwork of ours, which fails in its terrors for the professional pauper, the sturdy breaker of windows, and the rampant tearer of clothes, strikes with a cruel and a wicked stab at the stricken sufferer, and is a horror to the deserving and unfortunate. We must mend it, lords and gentlemen, and honourable boards, or in its own evil spirit, or its own evil hour, it will marr every one of us.

THE London correspondent of *The Scotsman* says:—"As an instance of honest enthusiasm for dramatic art, I may mention that Miss Ellen Terry, who is to play Ophelia on Monday next with Mr. Irving at the Lyceum, has just been on a visit to an asylum, for the sole purpose of studying certain phases of insanity. She was accompanied on the occasion by her husband, Mr. Charles Kelly, and Mr. and Mrs. Saville Clarke, and the asylum chosen was that at Banstead, of which Dr. Clay Shaw is the medical director. Miss Terry expressed herself much interested in all she saw, and has probably gained some useful hints."

THE critic of a contemporary journal, in writing of *Hamlet* as produced at the Lyceum, complains that Horatio is not genial enough. The idea of Horatio being genial. Fancy the geniality of a man who in the very first scene interviews a ghost, and in the next converses awfully with Hamlet about a ghost. Then he assists the erratic prince to interview the ghost. He next joins in a conspiracy with his cheerful companion to prove the case of murder against the king. He takes a pleasure trip to England with the melancholy Dane as his inseparable companion. He returns to Denmark to find himself at the grave of a suicide, and finally attempts to poison himself! So much for the "geniality" of Horatio!

MR. BANDMANN will probably protest that he is not the actor who was bitterly inveighing one day against the ignorance and want of appreciation displayed by theatrical audiences. There was an actor, however, who did so complain and lament in good round tune. "Public, sir, public!" said the histrion in tones of the deepest scorn; "don't talk to me about your public, sir! There's no more appreciation about the public than there is among a row of turnip-tops. Just let me tell you! I myself played *Hamlet* in a town I won't mention—a big town where your public are supposed to be educated—played it for twenty consecutive nights. And what do you think the public did?" "Well—" his friend pondered, wondering what the natural disposition of the public would be under such trying circumstances, and at length having completely thought it out wildly suggested, "Hissed?" "Yes, sir! That's it. They hissed. *Hissed* Shakspeare, by Jove!"

THE late Mortimer Collins was nothing if not gastronomical; and a task in which his heart—to say nothing of the region immediately beneath that organ—was deeply interested was the compilation of twelve sonnets, one for each month in the year, dealing with seasonable dainties which most agreeably "cloy the hungry edge of appetite." Of January he wrote:—

Janus, thou lookest back to Christmas tide,
And forward to the wondrous growth of spring:
Thine are the choicest birds that hither wing,
And thine the rarest products of the wide
Ocean that isolates us. 'Tis the pride
Of this sharp winter yearly hovering
Over old England that its keen months bring
Woodcock and snipe to tempt us; the arride;
Also the larks and wheatears, which at Brighton
You get for breakfast from the Sussex Downs,
Ending, one need not say, with lobster after.
Such prandium's pleasant when the quick waves whiten,
And Château d'Yquem the slight banquet crowns,
And there is ample room for love and laughter.

A GREAT deal more excitement than the Afghan War causes here has been created in New York by a disagreement between Mr. Mapleson and Miss Minnie Hauk. Miss Hauk was advertised to sing at a concert where the principal hero was the excellent violinist Remenyi; but Miss Hauk never appeared. "War rears his horrid front" is the manner in which a prominent New York journal announces what happened next. Mr. Mapleson and Miss Hauk were inundated by a flood of interviewers; the gentleman declared that he would fine the recalcitrant *prima donna*, hints were current to the effect that a sight of the bills of the concert with the violinist's name in larger type than that of the soprano had caused the illness of the latter; who vowed, however, that this was not the origin of her indisposition, and that she did not sing simply because she could not. A bombardment of angry letters appears to have been carried on for some time, but now, happily, peace is restored. Miss Hauk announces this to the papers in a series of manifestoes, that to the *New York World* being especially touching. "Is it from sympathy for the compatriot, regard for the artist, or gallantry towards the lady, or all combined, that you have so chivalrously defended my just cause?" The fine is remitted, and one can imagine the *impresario* and *prima donna* making a solo into a duet for once, and sweetly warbling, as Amina does just before the curtain falls, the familiar and appropriate sentiments—

Ah! m'abbraccia, e sempre insieme,
Sempre uniti in una speme,
Della terra in cui viviamo
Ci formiamo un ciel d'amor!

A MORE deadly than lively subject is the outbreak of small-pox in Deptford, attributed to "a wake" being held over the dead body of an infant that had died from this malady. The fact of a *wake* being held under the circumstances shows that the sanitary authorities were asleep.

A PARTICULARLY heavy swell was indulging in an anything but light repast at a bar not a hundred miles from New Burlington-street. Having finished he was about to

depart, when he was stopped by the young lady and reminded that he had not paid. Apologising profusely for his absent-mindedness, he tendered a sovereign, which the girl took, and after a careful scrutiny said, "Let me see; you have had so and so, and so and so. That comes to 4s. 6d. You were here last week, and then forgot to pay. I don't know what you had then, but we'll say the same; 4s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. is 9s. Your change, sir; 1rs. Thank you! Good morning!" The "swell's" look was awful, but he said nothing.

WE note that at Jersey William Frazer, suspected of being a ticket-of-leave man, was sent for trial on a charge of committing nine burglaries. Although he admitted his guilt to the police, and showed them where he had concealed some of the property, he pleaded *not guilty* before the Royal Court, electing to go before a jury. There is something hugely original in a man who has admitted his guilt and revealed the whereabouts of the plunder pleading "not guilty," and it shows he has an exceedingly good idea of the intellectual calibre of the average twelve good men and true. The circumstance should be also gratifying to Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, since it proves that they are not alone in their opinion that *Trial by Jury* is a farce.

INVENTORS are sometimes properly rewarded. A builder of Hammersmith, whose very name is suggestive of unyielding hardness, for it is Steel, finding that one of his debtors had impudently died without paying him, and that the dead man's widow was brazenly unable to pay the debt, invented a new mode of dunning. He took his nephew with him, and set up a loud, steady, continuous ringing of her street-door bell. "I knew," said he, "that she had respectable lodgers in the house, and I thought if I annoyed them in this way I should receive a little money." He received good advice from Mr. Bridge, the Hammersmith police magistrate, who fined him 40s. and also made him pay £1 3s. for costs.

HERE is another illustration of that old saying, "There are two sides to every question." The Board of Works, to form a fine new thoroughfare, has swept away a labyrinth of narrow streets, alleys, and courts in the East-end of London. We do not regret the disappearance of two hundred and forty overcrowded, unhealthy dwellings and paltry little shops, but these were the established homes of two thousand four hundred poverty-stricken people—men, women, and children—dependent one upon another, or upon work supplied by the locality. What has become of them? They were evicted after eight weeks' notice. Where are they now? What are they doing? Will the Board of Works, the police, workhouse authorities, or others who know, reply?

OUR British hearts beat high when we tell of Waterloo, and justly they may, for

—still in story and in song,
For many an age remembered long,
Shall live the towers of Hugomont
And field of Waterloo.

But what says poor old Noah Evens, now eighty years old, who fought there with his long since dead and gone comrades of the gallant Twenty-third? Last month he sat down with three hundred and eighty-five others who ate their Christmas dinners—in Cardiff Workhouse.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

One of the latest reports from this east-end of London says the relief-offices and the temporary headquarters of the charitable associations are besieged by poor women and children, hungry and ill-clad, and beseeching for bread and coal and soup tickets, or for orders of admission into the workhouses, the capacity of which is already being sorely tested, while medical men report more illness than has been known for a long time past, and fear that it must fearfully increase unless the contributing causes—poverty and want of work—are speedily assuaged.

A LANDLORD was last week charged at Greenwich with assaulting one of his tenants, whom he endeavoured to eject by the aid of a broker named James Outchego. A good name for a broker that.

Do you remember that picture by Mr. Millais, in which there was a beautifully-painted basket—so real-looking—painted on the arm of a model who never carried it? You could see the light between her arm and the handle. It was recalled to memory by his later picture, "Puss in Boots." Therein we have a real child's portrait and a real cat's portrait, painted, of course, separately. The painfully starving child, tired of sitting and looking at the painter, says wearily, "Please, Mr. Millais, mayn't I go?" You see that at once. Mr. F. C. Burnand, describing this picture, says:—

Miss Polly, in the picture, cannot make out where the doll's boots have gone to. She hasn't an idea that her little kitten is one of the descendants of Lord and Lady Grimalkin. Observe the expression in her eyes. She is staring out straight before her, and wondering what on earth can have become of Dolly's knitted boots! . . . "But how did Tittikins put them on?" asks one of the children, who is a great deal too matter-of-fact. "How? Why, Mr. Millais put them on for her."

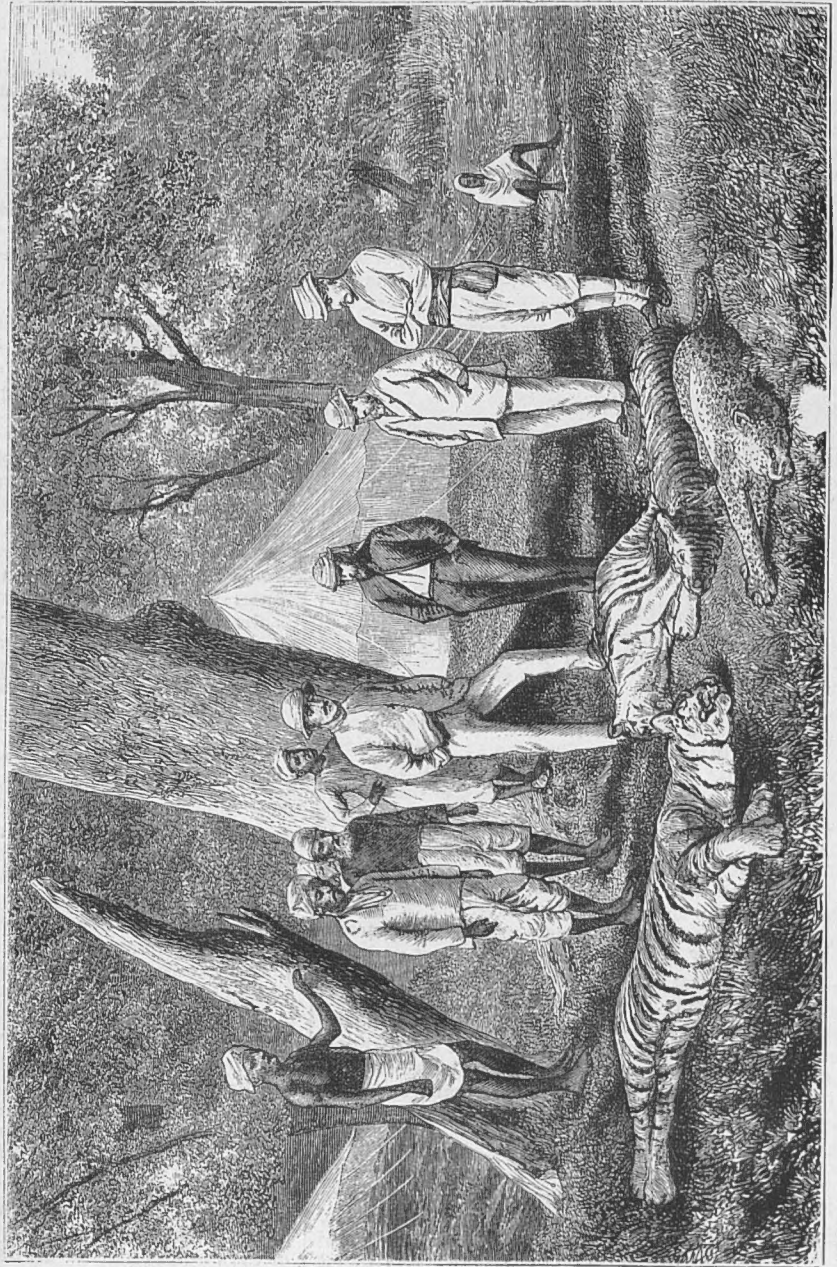
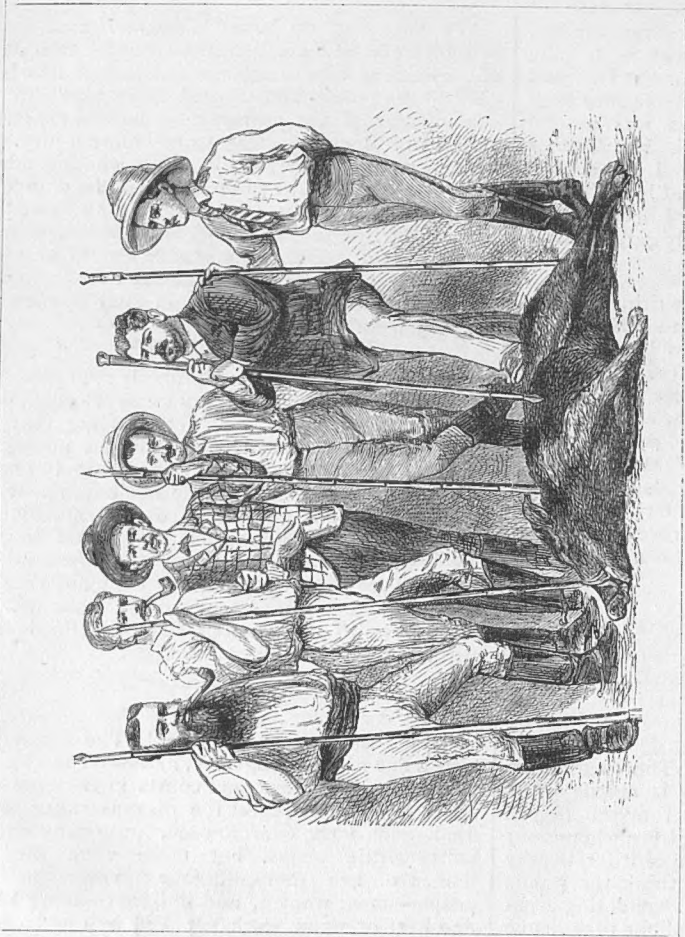
Mr. Burnand is sure the cat never had them on, and so is "R. R."

But of all plagues, good Heaven! thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend!

THE company organised and made so popular by the late Mdle. Beatrice will, we understand, continue its touring career under the guidance of Mr. Harvey.



FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST.—MRS. STEPHEN KEMBLE.



ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "SPORT AND WORK ON THE NEPAUL FRONTIER"—Macmillan and Co. (See page 374 ante.)

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, & CO., 84, New Bond-street.—“Autumn Leaves,” price 3s., song; words and music by E. P. Freake. There is poetical sentiment in the words of this song, but they greatly need revision. Such rhymes as “gone” and “forlorn” are forbidden, and grammar is defied in such lines as—

Poor withered leaves! thy (*sic*) day of beauty is gone.

The melody, though not very original, is more praiseworthy than the words.—“If in a year,” price 3s., is a song by the same writer and composer, who indulges in such rhymes as “become” and “undone,” and such English as—

Fain would I fly than here remain.

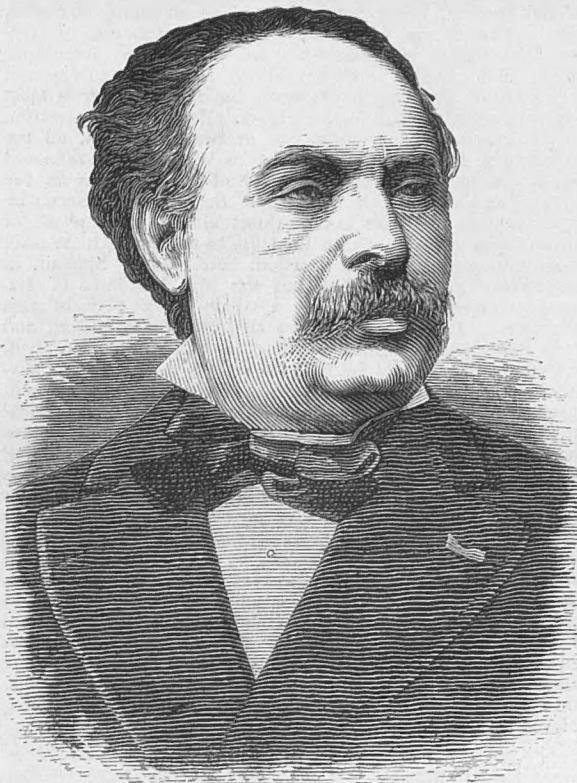
The melody contains some graceful phrases.

W. CZERNY, 349, Oxford-street, W.—“The Brooklet’s Song,” price 3s.; words by W. Summerling, music by D. Brocca. We cannot spare space for quotations of the numerous false rhymes to be found in the words of this song, which is, in its way, a curiosity. The melody is simple and pleasing, and the accompaniment characteristically illustrates the theme.

HOPWOOD & CREW, 42, New Bond-street, W.—“Christmas Day,” price 4s., sacred song, written by G. R. Sims, composed by W. M. Lutz. The words of this song merit warm praise. They contain original and poetical ideas, happily expressed. The music is worthy of Mr. Meyer Lutz’s distinguished reputation, and his “Christmas Day” song will be acceptable at all seasons of the year.—“Water Lilies,” price 4s., is a waltz by C. E. Jerningham, arranged for the pianoforte by Mr. Dan Godfrey. The melodies are graceful, the pianoforte arrangement is simple but effective, and the waltz is well-suited to ball-room purposes.

WOOD & CO., 3, Great Marlborough Street.—“Waldstein’s Giant Note Method for the Pianoforte,” price 1s., is a useful manual for juvenile students of the pianoforte; the notes being more than four times the usual size, and consequently all the easier to read.

CHAPPELL & CO., New Bond Street, W.—“La Mandoline,” price 3s. is the title of a pianoforte solo by Mr. Alfred Burnett,



EMILE WALDTEUFEL.

the able leader of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, &c. He might have entitled it a “characteristic piece,” but has followed an absurd custom in employing a French sub-title, or rather in using a title which is partly French, viz., “Morceau Caractéristique.” There is no such word as “caractéristique” in any language with which we are acquainted, and we must suppose that Mr. Burnett wrote “caractéristique,” and has been unlucky in his choice of an engraver. This truly characteristic solo is a pianoforte arrangement of an orchestral piece, for strings, *sempre pizzicato*, which was produced a short time back, at one of the concerts of the Blackheath Orchestral Society with great success. In its orchestral form it is one of the most charming and effective pieces we have heard for a long time past, and this clever pianoforte arrangement will be heartily welcomed in many a drawing-room. It is remarkably original, melodious, and piquant.

W. JARRETT ROBERTS, [Carnarvon.—No. 1 of “W. Jarrett Roberts’s Brass Band Journal,” price 2s., contains the “Nantlle Vale Fantasia” in Welsh airs, commencing with “The Men of Harlech.” The 21 separate band-parts, comprising 42 pages of music, are well engraved and printed on good paper. The scoring is masterly, and this specimen of the new “Brass Band Journal” encourages the belief that the work will merit a large amount of patronage.

THE Earl of Morley presided at an influential meeting held at the Royal Hotel, Plymouth, the other day to consider the position of the Dartmoor Hunt, which maintains one of the packs of foxhounds in the county of Devon. The master of the hounds, Admiral Parker, has hitherto maintained the hunt for £800 a year, he himself contributing a considerable sum in addition, and about £400 a year has been spent as compensation to farmers. For some years the subscriptions have been steadily decreasing, and it was in view of an inevitable deficit that the present meeting was held. Admiral Parker volunteered to find all necessary funds beyond £750 to keep the hunt going if the subscriptions were kept up to that sum.



FOR A MORNING RIDE.

THE DRAMA.

THE LYCEUM.

To say that Mr. Irving's most recent revival of Shakspeare's tragedy of *Hamlet* is in many important respects of far higher excellence than his previous rendering is to say very much indeed, but it is no more than the truth. If there be nothing in Mr. Irving's performance of the destiny-haunted Danish prince to thrill an audience, yet the even intellectuality of it throughout is an artistic triumph, resulting from qualities very much akin to what constitutes the power called genius. The actor seems to us to have made a completer study of *Hamlet*, his position and surroundings, than has been arrived at by any other actor of our times. No smallest detail, whether of thought or passing emotion, appears to have escaped his attention. Indeed, if a fault were to be found with the performance it might in some points be blamed for over minuteness. But in the play scene, in the closet scene, and in the final incidents of the tragedy Mr. Irving's *Hamlet* is a triumph of earnest and intelligent histrionic study. The company which Mr. Irving has gathered around him to illustrate the tragedy is excellent. The Ophelia of Miss Ellen Terry calls for the foremost recognition. Indeed it must be acknowledged that this lady's performance adds a great deal of distinction to the revival. In appearance, in manner, in speech, she is the ideal Ophelia. A better Claudius than Mr. Forrester our stage cannot supply, and we are glad to see this able actor again at the Lyceum. Mr. Swinbourne plays Horatio in a quiet, intelligent manner; the Polonius of the venerable Mr. Chippendale is too well known to require further eulogy. The Laertes of Mr. Frank Cooper is a careful, manly performance, a little too modern in tone. The Osric of Mr. Kyrle Bellew is excellent. Mr. Beaumont as the First Player delivered his lines with good effect. Mr. S. Johnson as the Gravedigger displayed a fund of quiet humour and appreciation. Messrs. Pinero and Elwood were good as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Mr. Mead again plays the Ghost, and he is still the best exponent of the part we have known. Miss Pauncefort's admirable performance of Gertrude must not be left unmentioned. The arrangement of the music is by that talented composer, Mr. Hamilton Clarke, who is Mr. Irving's *chef d'orchestre*, and to say that it is worthy of the play is not saying too much. There is another feature for which Mr. Irving's second great revival of *Hamlet* will be remembered—the scenery of Mr. Hawes Craven. This clever painter has evidently entered with as much enthusiasm into the study of the play as the actor himself has done, and his scenic illustrations of it are genuine works of art from beginning to end. Especially notable is the boldly unconventional manner in which he has treated the last great death scene. Altogether *Hamlet* at the Lyceum is a most refreshing dramatic treat of the highest order. But not alone upon the stage is the Lyceum altered for the better.

Mr. Irving has waved the wand of improvement over the entire house, and the change has been almost magical in its effect. The old building, with its dull and dingy front, has risen from the shade into which it has been cast by the Gaiety electric light like a rejuvenated coquette, its face newly enamelled, and its brow bound with a rainbow of gas. Nor is the change confined to the outside alone, for the moment the entrance hall is reached the visitor is agreeably surprised. Mould and cobwebs have been transformed into bright decorations, and if the cold weather should follow, its influence is at once thawed by the warmth of the handsome stove placed in the vestibule. This will prove a welcome boon to the visitor. The large refreshment saloon has been also redecorated, and the walls covered with Morris's blue pomegranate paper. All the corridors behind the circles have been brightened with various shades of blue and green, and the floors covered with handsome pile carpet. All the retiring rooms have been refitted and refurnished, and a new staircase has been fixed leading from the circle to the stalls. The walls of the staircases have been covered with handsome brown leather paper dado. The front of the house has been treated in colours in which sage-green and turquoise-blue predominate, the *altarelli* being an ivory white. The hangings are of blue silk, trimmed with amber and gold, and backed with white lace curtains. Nothing could be more artistic than the treatment of the ceiling: it is divided into four compartments tinted with cerulean blue and dotted with gold *parterre*, and has a broad handsome border enriched with chimera and masks of comedy and tragedy alternating with lyres of classic form. The upholstery is all perfectly new, the seats being covered with a special blue, which harmonises artistically with the general tone of colour. The orchestra is again restored to view. The old-fashioned foot-light shades have been removed, and in their stead we find escallops shells gilded and ornamented. The royal suite of rooms have been re-furnished and appropriately decorated. The box, too, usually devoted to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts has received special attention. All the corridors are hung with tapestry, so that the visitor is protected from draughts in the most careful manner; in fact the whole place has an air of bright and cheerful comfort about it hitherto unsurpassed by any theatre. Nor has Mr. Irving been unmindful of the actors' comfort behind the scenes; the dressing-rooms have all been refitted and every one carpeted; the windows are protected with curtains, and each room rendered as cosy and homely as money and taste can make it. Actors alone will know the value of such a change. The green-room is a handsomely fitted-up lounge, where the company relieve the tedium of their waits between the scenes in chatty ease and comfort. A graceful tribute has been paid to one of the lady artists; on the door of her room there is painted the word Ophelia, the letters of which form an arch over the brook where the "willow grows aslant." Mr. Henry Irving is to be complimented for the judicious alterations he has made both before and behind the scenes. The work has in every way been carried out by the most skilful hands and experienced craftsmen. The illumination in front of the portico has been done by Strode and Co. Messrs. Gillow, had charge of the furnishing and decorating department. Mr. T. Cavanah, of Manchester, was the upholsterer. The whole design was devised and carried out under the personal supervision of the well-known Manchester architect, Mr. Alfred Darbyshire. To those who have not already seen the theatre his name and reputation will be a sufficient guarantee for the complete and artistic manner in which the entire scheme has been developed.

PRINCESS'S.

On Boxing Night Mr. Walter Gooch revived Mr. Charles Reade's drama, entitled *It's Never Too Late to Mend*. It will be remembered that upon the first production of this play at the above theatre, about thirteen years ago, one of the scenes was provocative of severe disapprobation. Now from beginning to end the play is received with something approaching enthusiasm; therefore we may conclude that the taste of playgoers has considerably changed during the last decade, for the play itself is but very slightly altered. The prison scene, the objectionable one at the first representation, is now the most popular; it is horribly real, and will no doubt be eagerly sought after by that section of the playgoing public which loves to drop the silent tear. The scenery is excellent; "Grove Farm," "The Log Hut," and the

"Model Prison" being set scenes of an elaborate character, while "The Home of Gold," with its catarract of real water, is simply magnificent. In this scene moonlight, sunrise, and broad daylight follow in rapid succession; the play of the changing lights upon the falling water is most effective, and called forth loud applause. For the interpretation we have little but praise. With one or two exceptions, all the people engaged were good. Mr. Charles Warner as the reformed thief, Robinson, caught the sympathy of the audience at the beginning and held it until the close. In the Prison Scene he was at his best. Here he has to exhibit almost every phase of human feeling, and it is within the truth to say that Mr. Warner was more than equal to the occasion. Mr. Henry Sinclair, as George Fielding, was excellent, but the Mr. Meadows of Mr. Howard Russell was too heavy a villain for a play of this description. Mr. Redmund, as the chaplain of the prison, and Mr. de Belleville, as William Fielding, both did well. Mr. Irish, as Peter Crawley, should not take so serious a view of the character; a little more comedy and a little less horror would improve his impersonation. Mr. S. Calhaem resumes his original part, Jacky, the Australian aborigine—a somewhat tedious person, who scorns superfluous clothing. Mr. Calhaem's acting was highly appreciated by many in the audience, and he deserves great commendation for abstaining from exaggeration. Mr. John C. Cowper, as Isaac Levi, was very powerful in his denunciation of villainy, but his appearance was not calculated to inspire the respect with which he was treated by the other characters. Messrs. Beauchamp and Nelson, as Hawes and Farmer Merton, were very satisfactory, and the minor parts were well filled. Miss Rose Leclercq is specially engaged for Susan Merton, and acted the part in her usually charming style. Miss Maud Milton, as the boy convict, Josephs, touched the hearts of many by her natural pathos. Calls were frequent and deserved. The management and all concerned may congratulate themselves on having achieved a great success.

THE PANTOMIMES.

THE subtle disguising and mummeries, the rude practical jokes, the wearing of grotesque masks, and the fanciful odd dressings and quaint disguisings as birds, beasts, and fishes, which belonged to the wild mirthful spirit of an old English Christmas, survive—but only on the stage. The music, the singing, the dancing round leaf-and-ribbon-decorated standards, the laughter-provoking hobby horses, the pasteboard dragons, the morris-dancing, and hundreds of other quaint devices, once common "in the house of every nobleman of honour or good worship," as Stowe said, still exist in our Christmas pantomimes to grace the great winter holiday. The dauntless frolicsome spirit of a genuine old English Christmas still is there, and there only; and there as of old the player's poet is still the lord, or abbot, of Misrule. The merry old Shrewsbury dancing-master who, in 1702, gave Christmas pantomime its present form is doubtless responsible for all that is anciently English in it. The French pantomimists who came to London in 1717 with some wonderful performing dogs only contributed new features; and the famous dentist and posture-master Grimaldi added his trick scenery and machinery to it. But pantomime still remained what it still is, essentially English. Since then panoramic and dioramic scenic effects have lent it new charms. Transformation scenes with their ever-growing and extending range of brilliant picturesque effects have wonderfully increased its attractiveness. The crowds of pretty smiling girls who dance and sing in it have made their fantastic glittering costumes more and more scanty to nimbly charm us with wickeries of person, postures, and motions all more or less graceful. Actresses following in the dancers' wake have displayed their rounded and dimpled limbs to the very verge of nakedness, and seem so little ashamed for themselves, that to feel shame for them seems an act of quite saintly supererogation. And then how thoroughly the clever actors and actresses enter into the fun of it! With what comical earnestness they perform their extravagant tricks, and speak the rapid nonsense set down for them, looking all the time so childishly naughty and so full of kitten-like vivacity, that to believe they are grown-up people earning their living by it and not doing it for their own personal gratification and amusement, is—with now and then an exception—one of the hardest lessons we can set ourselves to learn. And what a blending of gorgeous colours! and what a shining, flashing, glittering, glowing, and tremulous quivering of shining surfaces! What rich variety of romantic and fairy-like and supernaturally-gloomy terror-haunted scenes follow in quick succession! What wonderful feats of strength, skill, and activity! What startling changes effected by mechanical ingenuity—what—but there—who shall chronicle all the multifarious appeals made to the eye, the ear, the risible faculties, and the wondering in a modern Christmas pantomime? The old "comic business" of the Grimaldi period has lost its once dominant importance, has dwindled and sunk into a state of comparative insignificance, out of which it will require a new Grimaldi to elevate it. But the introduction is more spectacularly glorious than ever, although, like the famous tinker, of its story you may commonly say of it nowadays, "Story! God bless you, sir! it has none to tell." Ballet, once all popular, now scarcely ever shines in the full refulgence of its many twinkling feet save in pantomimes and burlesques.

Turning from pantomimes in general, let us pass in review those of this year in particular, beginning with that of:—

DRURY LANE.

Mr. E. L. Blanchard tells the Old World fairy story of *Cinderella*; or, *Harlequin and the Fairy Slipper*, with the usual odd additions and extravagant interpolations; but still it is our old friend of the nursery, a story with a beginning, a middle, and an end. It is not as pantomimes so often are—a mere jumble of inconsequential fragments, which might as well begin with the middle or the end as the commencement. The one hundred pretty ballet girls in the delightfully intricate and symmetrical figures of their dances; the gracefully-active *première danseuse*, Mdlle. Gosselin; the quaint fancies and brilliant colours of the costumes; the grotesque drollery of Mr. Fred Vokes as Baron Pumpernickel, and that of his trusty Kobold, Mr. Fawdon Vokes; the fun-loving, mischievous, brave-hearted Cinderella, who sings so prettily, and dances so cleverly, and gives us now and then a touch of sentiment and feeling to show that charming Miss Victoria Vokes is actress as well as pantomimist, &c., &c.,—all conspire to make the present Drury Lane pantomime a worthy successor to all that have before been famous on its boards. But here we may pause, for next week's issue will contain a full-page illustration from one of this pantomime's most attractive scenes, and what else we have to say had better be reserved to accompany it.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

UNDOUBTEDLY, in point of magnificent and costly mounting, *Jack and the Beanstalk* at Covent Garden surpasses any pantomime that we have ever seen in London, and the enterprise of the Messrs. Gatti in their first speculation of the kind cannot be too highly commended. Indeed, there is an *embarras des richesses* about the whole affair that is well-nigh overpowering. The opening of the pantomime is written by Mr. Frank W. Green, whose name is known far and wide as one of the most accom-

plished and talented writers in this particular walk of dramatic composition now living. In *Jack and the Beanstalk*; or, *Harlequin and the Seven Champions as we've Christened 'em*, he has furnished Covent Garden with a libretto at once smartly, humorously, and gracefully written. From the opening scene, which introduces us to the "Home of Father Time, Junior" (Mr. G. Vokes), who, with the aid of Quicksilver (Miss Lizzie Coote), selects the subject of the pantomime, to the last scene, in which the hero Jack is united to the Princess Pansie, the pantomime is written in an effective manner, the author having wisely adhered to the old maxim that brevity is the soul of wit. There is no necessity for us to repeat the familiar nursery legend which forms the story of the Covent Garden pantomime. But the exceptional pomp and circumstances which are brought to its illustration well merit particular comment. In the first place, as the leading feature of the dramatic portion of these Christmas entertainments is the grotesque acting. The engagement of two such popular drolls as Mr. G. H. Macdermott and Mr. Herbert Campbell to enact the chief comic parts is proof of how thoroughly the new management had resolved to prosecute their enterprise. Mr. Macdermott and Mr. Campbell are the most famous among music-hall comedians, and they have also had sound experience as actors of pantomime burlesque. In the two parts, therefore, of Widow Simpson and her page Thomas, the author, Mr. Frank Green, has been careful to construct his plot so that Mr. Campbell and Mr. Macdermott have a continued opportunity of playing into each other's hands. The result is a comic entertainment that throughout the performance keeps the audience in constant merriment. The important part of the hero, Jack, described as "the trump card of the winning suit, who climbs the beanstalk, and hopes to climb into your favour," is entrusted to Miss Fanny Leslie, a young actress who at the Princess's and elsewhere has lately distinguished herself considerably. Miss Leslie as Jack is graceful and vivacious, and sings and dances with spirit and taste. In the somewhat important part of Quicksilver, who acts as a sort of Greek Chorus to the pantomime, Miss Lizzie Coote is bright and lively, but as she is a very young actress, we venture to remind her that self-consciousness is a grave fault upon the stage. As the Princess Pansie Miss Clara Jecks has not as favourable an opportunity of displaying her undoubted talent as upon former occasions when we have seen her, and it seems a strange thing that among so many magnificent and tasteful dresses that of the Princess should be almost the only insignificant and unbecoming one. Mr. E. L. George as King Pippin acts in good old conventional pantomime style. As Punch, the dog, Master Lauri is extremely droll, as also is Mr. Tully Lewis as Beadle. The Seven Champions, as they've christened 'em, are voluptuously illustrated by Miss Kate Paradise as Sir Jingo St. George of England, Miss Agnes Archer as Sir Donald St. Andrew of Scotland, Miss Laura Carthew as Sir Terence St. Patrick of Ireland, Miss Clifton as Sir Morgan St. David of Wales, Miss Maud Spencer as Sir Louis St. Denis of France, Miss Rose Miller as Sir Pedro St. James of Spain, and Miss Nora Davis as Sir Angelo St. Anthony of Italy. The scenery, by Mr. Julian Hicks, is from beginning to end superb, the transformation seeming to us the least effective, although most elaborate. The scene in which the giant is found stretched in enormous proportions, and little Miss Kate Barry acts so charmingly as Jack in miniature, and Miss Napier Barry as Captain Castagnette, at the head of her lilliputian legion, is sure to delight everybody. And the grand ballet, with charming Mdlle. Limido as principal danseuse, along with agile Mdlle. Sidonie, well deserves the enthusiastic applause it elicits. In his designs for the dresses Mr. Alfred Thompson has surpassed himself. In short, from Mr. Frank Green, the author, down to Mr. C. Harris, the stage manager, all concerned in the production of the Covent Garden pantomime have reason to be well satisfied.

Next week we shall devote a page to one of Mr. Friston's clever drawings from this pantomime.

THE ROYAL STANDARD.

WHEREVER Messrs. John and Richard Douglass preside, there we may be certain all that energy, hard work, artistic taste, and sound experience can achieve, will be secured. Boxing-night last saw their huge theatre crowded from floor to roof by an audience brimful of the most pleasant expectations, based upon experience of former productions at this theatre. Nor were they disappointed. *Harlequin Robin Hood and ye Merrie Men of Sherwood Forest* may have the most remote connection possible with the grand old trumpet-tongued Robin Hood ballads, its incidents being fictions of the most extravagant invention; yet for real, rollicking, frolicsome mirth, spectacular display, beautiful landscape scenery, gorgeous and resplendent costumes, and clever mechanical effects, it is unsurpassed. We do not know what obscure authority may exist for representing Robin Hood as the apprentice of the Sheriff of Nottingham, who kept a flourishing butcher's shop, nor do we care. The bold outlaw was a sensible fellow, and, like ourselves (in early days), would doubtless have consented to be anybody's apprentice to anything, anywhere, or anywhere, if such a master's daughter as Miss Hetty Tracy personated would only fall in love with him. Aye, even if the choice involved constant contact with Peter, the sheriff's only son, a selfish, mischievous, discontented, ill-natured cub, who is constantly whining because he has "nothing to play with." And none the less if the sheriff's ambition brought to rival us in our love of the pretty saucy Marian such a regular Guy in knightly armour as Mr. Frank Percival grotesquely personated, with an ear-trumpet at his belt, he being "a little deaf," and cunning enough to advance his suit with Marian by becoming her peevish brother Peter's constant companion. There is no more funny person on the stage than Mr. Laburnam is as that persecuted husband John Little, a policeman of the period, who afterwards takes to Rob'n and robbing with robbers in Sherwood Forest where he is rechristened Little John. The view in Sherwood Forest, wherein Robin is the self-appointed monarch and Marian is to be Queen, forms one of the most complete and realistic ever placed upon the stage. The mossy branches of a grand old monarch of the woods spread out actually from a massive trunk upheared in the centre of the stage, and forms a roof in which very little imagination is required to see the flickering sunshine play and hear the birds sing. At its feet living rabbits are actually risking in and out of their holes, and the triumph is they really don't seem out of place. We only want grass and weeds, tall ferns and wild flowers, in place of the boards, and light and shade on the actors in accordance with that of the painted woodland, to make this scene one of which the like has never yet been placed before a theatrical audience. But then where would the ballet dance? The applause which burst out when this scene opened on Boxing-night was of the most prolonged and tumultuous description, and not less enthusiastic was that which followed close upon it when "the grand ballet of foresters" was introduced, and Miss Rose Beckett quivered and darted about in the changeful light before us right blithely—now unnaturally purple, now rosy red in a sunset-like glow, and now dazzlingly brilliant in a pure white electric light of singular intensity. The next great scene was that depicted in our illustration, in which Richard, the lion-hearted English king—made by Miss Worrell a very pretty "man" in armour—having conquered Cyprus, there celebrates his marriage festivities in

the presence of his goodly queen Berengaria. Charming knights and delightful warriors, wearing the most fascinating of silken robes over armour all sparkling and flashing as they descend the precipitous rocks bear shields of mirror-like brilliancy and weapons as unsullied and pure as—as new foil paper can make them. They wind down to join in a mazy dance of love and war, and go through evolutions of the most complicated kind with martial precision, while Richard and his Queen looking down from the castle height smile approbation. Arches of laurel wreaths and lambent flame spring up, in and out of which they wind filling the entire stage, large as it is, and rising row above row upon the rugged sea-worn rocks, until the general effect is such as we find it impossible to describe, a statement which must stand also for the transformation scene (Hanging Bowers in Fairy Land), the varied changes of which produced burst after burst of the loudest and most fairly won applause. The pantomime comic business was full of mirth, and kept up a continuous succession of the heartiest laughs.

SANGER'S AMPHITHEATRE.

Messrs. Sanger have scored a success greater even than that of last year with their splendid spectacular pantomime, *Cinderella and the Glass Slipper*, in which, as a matter of course, we find all kinds of living animals playing their respective parts, horses, ponies, elephants, camels, zebras, giraffes, bears, &c. There are, we were told, as many as eleven hundred persons in all employed on the stage; the costumes are ingeniously varied and picturesque; the scenery new and good; the fun uproarious, and the dances cleverly arranged. The ball-room scene in the palace brilliantly lighted, gleaming in gold and silver, radiant with rich colour and crowded with guests in curious or gorgeous fancy dresses, was particularly striking. Mr. Spry, the author of this version of the fine old fairy story, shows us first the abode of Old Father Christmas, a snow-covered cottage in the region of frost and cold, where that cheerful old warm-hearted fellow (Mr. G. Bradfield) defies the inclemency of the season by creating a glow of satisfaction enough to warm the very heart of a miser as he summons Sir Loin de Beef, Sir Gobble, my Lord of Turkey, and Sir Gander de Goose, who has been dining at his club, with whom appears Old Tom and Pine-apple Rum, a light-headed, light-heeled dragon, named Snap, who burns the fingers of those who yet love him, playing cards, some are regular trumps, and other festive representatives appropriate to the season. But one thing is wanting, and of all things, that one is the pudding! Straightway the scene changes, and from a picturesque old mill down troop the miller's men—a grotesque collection, truly—and there and then the pudding is compounded in a vast bowl, and, being made, is straightway conveyed to scene the next, Baron Bombast's kitchen, where a roaring fire blazes in the huge grate, shedding its lurid glow upon the busy cooks, whose comical mishaps and "business" creates burst after burst of irrepressible merriment. And here the Baron (Mr. T. B. Appleby), with Beateous and Lovely, his tall and stately daughters (Mr. A. Glover and Mr. H. Cornwall), are introduced with their respective man-servants, Uncle Tom (Mr. H. Dales) and Murphy (Mr. P. Fannin). Here, too, we find (in her shabby attire) poor Cinderella, the mean and crusty old Baron's pretty step-daughter (Miss Annie Beresford), meek and submissive to the gigantic sisters in their gorgeous raiment, worn out with sweeping and scrubbing, making and taking up of breakfasts to her sisters, who scold and abuse her in the most shameless way. Prince Peaceable (Miss Kate Allwood) and Cheekichap (Miss B. Richmond), the Prince's gentleman, seek shelter in the warm kitchen from the wet and cold without, to exchange the rain for ale. But the Baron's daughters drive them out, despite the pleading of Cinderella in their favour. The Prince, smitten by her beauty, thinks she was never for a place so base-meant in the basement. Then poor, overworked Cinderella falls asleep by the fire and dreams of the grand ball to which her sisters have gone, till the fairy godmother (Miss M. Marlitt), quite a modern fairy, brings about the dream's realization by duly changing the ferrets and rats and pumpkins into footmen, coachmen, coach and horses, and Cinderella's dingy brown dress into a resplendent costume of silk and satin with jewellery and other etceteras of ball-room costume all to match. And so Cinderella drives away, crying in response to the fairy's last warning:

"Fear not, dear Godmother, if under the royal dome
I am forgetting, 'twill be for getting home."

The arrival of guests at the Palace gates furnishes a variety of amusing incidents and laughable bits of mimicry, and the ball-room scene follows with the love-smitten Prince's courtship, the bewilderment of the baron and his daughters, the slipper incident, etc., etc. The transformation scene is one of great beauty; the introduction of cascades of real water rippling and plashing as it falls amongst gold and silver and pearly-hued shells, with a rainbow effect of colour gleaming and flashing from every side produces the most brilliant effect, to which the symmetrically posed figures of the fairies in the shells daintily contribute. Mr. Appleby was excellent, and so were Mr. Glover and Mr. H. Cornwall, especially the former. In the comic business "Little Sandy" as clown gave it a decided tone of the old Grimaldi school, and kept it going briskly and merrily to the close.

SURREY THEATRE.

The "People's Caterer" has once more scored an indubitable and brilliant success with his Christmas pantomime. It is called *The House that Jack Built*; or, *Harlequin Dame Trot and the Little Old Woman that Lived in a Shoe*, and is written by Joseph Mackay. That success should have attended this Surrey production will not surprise anyone who takes the trouble to consider the strong company of artists, all excellent in their different lines, that Mr. W. Holland has brought together to support it. Without attempting to enter into any analysis of the story of the pantomime (which, by-the-bye, appeared in our last number), we may particularise the individual performances which lend to the entertainment its spirit and charm. We cannot help remarking that the author ought to consider himself very fortunate in having met with a company of talented artists who work together with such good will and unanimity. In Miss Jennie Worrell, who plays the leading part of Jack, is an actress hailing from the other side of the Atlantic, where she has earned a reputation as a first-rate burlesque actress. Up to the present, however, she has had no favourable opportunity of exhibiting her talents before a London audience, and it must be generally admitted that when the opportunity did arrive Miss Worrell proved herself more than equal to the occasion by winning straight-along the favour of the Surrey play-going public. Miss Worrell is an actress with a style, and her dancing is of such a skilful character that the audience repeatedly redemanded it. Maybloom, Jack's sweetheart, is delightfully played by Miss Katie King (Mrs. Arthur Lloyd). This young lady has hereditary aptitude for the stage, inasmuch as she is a daughter of T. C. King, the well-known tragedian. Very far removed from tragedy, however, is the style of this *petite* and accomplished actress, who sings and dances with a grace and refinement that cannot fail to make a distinct impression in London. The Prince of the pantomime, Prince Darling, is played by Miss Phoebe Don, formerly of the Court Theatre, a lady whose superb physique and dashing style make her parti-

cularly well suited to the part of a royal swain, who has an eye for every pretty girl and always likes a bumper. Miss Don is also an accomplished dancer, and sings with taste. Miss Nelly Vane, who plays the Princess Rosebud, is an established favourite at the Surrey, and with every successive appearance shows decided artistic progress. In the rôle of the jealous Princess she plays with a degree of spirit and dramatic effect that even in a pantomime cannot fail to tell, and she sings her songs charmingly. Miss Nelly Dyott, as the Fairy Geniality, perfectly appreciates her part, and succeeds in diffusing a genial spirit throughout the pantomime, which, indeed, is never for a single moment allowed to grow dull. Mdlle. Rosa Garibaldi, in the part of Robin, sings a spirited war song, which elicits an enthusiastic encore. Miss Madge Johnstone in the small part of Mopsa, a village maid, is excellent. Miss Ascot Spiller, who has a clear, ringing voice, plays Hilation, one of Prince Darling's pretty pages, and sings with good effect the old hunting chorus, beginning "The dusky night," &c. Miss Emily Spiller, as another pretty page (Jollibois), throws much liveliness into a part that is not remarkable for extreme length. As Laffinlad and Merribois, two more pretty pages, Miss Florrie Willis and Miss Clara Nicholls look charming. These two young ladies in the opening scene also play the allegorical parts of Electrica and Truth. As old Farmer Homebrew Mr. Watty Brunton acts in the true spirit of broad, hearty comedy, and Mr. John Fox, as Dame Oatmeal, the little old woman, is also very droll. Of the two chief comic parts, Lime-juice and Glycerina, which in reality form the back-bone of the piece, we need only say that they are played by Mr. Arthur Williams and Mr. Harry Taylor to convey an idea of extreme comicality to all playgoers who are familiar with the performances of these two low comedians. The quick, quaint wit of the former and the broad drollery of the latter combined keeps the house in a continual roar. As the malevolent Dame Trot Mr. George Reeves is excellent, and the gentlemen who enact the Grinning Page and Gasburna deserve a word of commendation. We must not forget to mention the agile Master Abrahams, who causes much laughter by his representation of Pongo, Dame Trot's monkey. Mr. Sydney Davis's arrangement of the music is admirable, and the scenery, by Messrs. Charles Brooke and M. Lellan, is excellent all through. In the transformation scene especially Mr. Charles Brooke has surpassed his previous efforts, which is saying not a little. There is meaning and intention in "A Dream of Love in Fairyland"—qualities rarely found in transformation scenes. The ballets are exquisite, and the sisters Elliott as charming and graceful as ever. Mr. Paul Valentine's *corps de ballet* contains more fresh and pretty dances than we have seen in any ballet for this many a day. We must not omit to state that a great deal of the success of the Surrey pantomime is due to the able and cultivated stage management of Mr. John Doyne. The way in which he has trained and drilled the multitudinous little children who form such an attraction in the entertainment is little short of wonderful. The machinery, by Mr. W. Robinson, and the dresses by Mrs. Reddish and Mr. Stinchcombe, must also have their meed of commendation. Altogether in *The House that Jack Built* Mr. Holland has every reason to be satisfied with the result of his spirited and energetic management. We observe in the printed book of the words a parody reflecting upon the veracity of newspaper correspondents at the seat of war, which the management have very wisely omitted in the representation. The author doubtless means to be very satirical, but although we are aware that much allowance is to be made for the enthusiastic exuberance of adolescent authorship, we would remind Mr. Joseph Mackay that the Fourth Estate does not fairly deserve ribald chaff, even in pantomimes. Otherwise we wish Mr. Mackay well, for he has jingled his doggerel rhymes with tolerable smartness.

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

Dick Whittington and His Cat has furnished Mr. G. B. O'Halloran with a subject for this year's pantomime at the Muswell Hill Palace, and a capital one it is, ballet, scenery, dresses, mechanical effects, properties, and general management being all equally good. The band's performance of "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen," the opening notes of which caused the audience to rise as with one impulse, introduced us appropriately enough to a scene of prosperous industry and good government, carefully guarded, and cheerfully obeyed, in the form of bee-hives on Honeycomb Hill, where the Queen Bee's throne was gleaming, and everybody was hard at work for her honour and the general good. There the bees sung in chorus—

We are bees, busy bees, playing tricks with the trees,
Sucking honey from blossoms—a blessing for the e
Who can relish, when sitting at home at their ease,
The sweets that we bring them
Through sunny hours,
The songs that we sing them
When robbing the flowers.
The pranks that we play
All the bright summer day,
Must be pleasant to those whom the labour devours
Of the busy, the musical, murmuring bees;
The many, the musical, murmuring bees.

A grand spectacular show, in which are all sorts of patriotic sights and sounds, follows, ending with a new song and chorus concerning "The Name and the Fame of Old England." Then we see the kitchen of Mr. Fitzwarren, hear the chorus of cooks, and are duly introduced to the active and sprightly, and quite too delightful, Dick Whittington (Miss Lilian Cavalier) and his wonderful cat (Mr. Dolph Rowella) and Alice Fitzwarren (Miss Susie Vaughan), a charming young creature, with whom he is, of course, in love. Poor Dick being given the "sack" for courting his master's daughter, goes away with a cheery "Whack-fal-de-dal" to seek his fortune. Then we are suddenly plunged into the depths of a dismal, mystic cavern, where demon imps are working ill to all humanity, but more especially to those who are lovers, or enterprising or ambitious, which includes, of course, Dick and Alice. Alice is inveigled into the power of the demon, but is rescued by the good fairy Future, who, with a wave of the magic wand, conveys her and her faithful servant Pat to the gardens attached to her palace, a scene which is, of course, a direct contrast in light and brilliancy to the abode of evil. Here we have a grand ballet danced by the nymphs of the fountain, in which Mdlle. La Stella and Mdlle. Hemmons are the principals. Then we return to the region of mortals once again, and find poor Dick with his bundle and cat toiling up Highgate Hill in the quiet evening, when the rustic labourers are returning from work. Hungry and tired, the poor little runaway addresses them soliciting assistance, which they promise on condition that he will give them a clog-dance. The dance over, Puss goes round with the hat, and returns with it empty—a sight which so fairly overcomes the weary runaway that he sits down and weeps to the sad accompaniment of his sympathising cat's mol-row. Then the bells ring out in distant London town as Dick sleeps on a mossy canvas-backed bank, pushed on, to be presently pulled off by a rope in the most approved stage fashion. As he wakes voices are heard softly singing "Turn again, Whittington," &c. The chorus of the bells in clear youthful voices sounds very charmingly. Then comes a press-gang, led by Whittington's rival and foe, the idle apprentice, and he is pressed for the sea, whereon we soon after find him in a British man-of-war. The

scene is a sectional one, showing us the quarter-deck above and below the state cabin. Dick dances to amuse the sailors, and the captain sings for the same purpose, and all goes fair till a foul storm arises, in which the ship presently sinks with all hands, save Dick whom the cat upholds and swims away with. Then we go back to the house of Fitzwarren, guarded by a policeman, whose ludicrous doings with Pat and others keep the fun briskly alive, and thence we frisk in a "jiffey," whatever that time may be, into the King's Palace at Cabul, in which all sorts of gorgeous sights and entertainments are prepared for our delight. There, of course, the cat's opportunity comes, and her destructive feats are wound up by a combat with a bear (Russian and grizzly of course) over which also she is speedily victorious. We flit back to Highgate, where Dick, too, is newly arrived with fabulous heaps of money and other treasures, including several curiosities, and then we get more singing and more dancing, until once more we are plunged into the gloom and mystery of the Dreadful Demon's Dismal Den. Captain Rosmore's song on current topics serves, however, to enliven us wonderfully, and then comes the grand transformation scene which is none the less tasteful or pleasing for being a little less forcible and loud in its colour and effects than such scenes usually are. Most of them are more or less wanting in refinement and delicacy. The curious performances of the Girards we need hardly say form a striking feature of Mr. O'Halloran's pantomime, and "Pongo Redivivus" is an astonishing imitation of a real monkey. The comic scenes arranged by Mr. Rowella form a comparatively unimportant part of the production.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The annals of pantomime at the Crystal Palace have no record of a more successful one than that which has been this year introduced. For variety and artistic splendour of scenery, music, costumes, and effects it at least equals the best of its predecessors, which is saying not a little for it. Miss Emma d'Auban looked charming in her quaint white goatskin costume, and Nelly Moon as Pretty Polly Perkins realised a very charming ideal. She is in love with and beloved by Robinson Crusoe, from whom in the very first scene she is cruelly separated by a ruffianly smuggler and pirate, of an ultra-melodramatic type, named Will Atkins, who also is in love with her. But Pretty Polly "Won't try him, oh," and this is his revenge. The next scene is the deck of "The Black Vulture," where the captain and Crusoe are making merry. The sea is rough, and as the vessel heaves from left to right, some on board who are heaving too, think it would have been right had they been left ashore. But mirth and fun prevail. There is a little deep-sea fishing of a comically productive nature. The hornpipe is energetically danced, and presently a storm comes on. Loud roars the dreadful thunder, the vessel strikes a rock, and gradually sinks, until at last nothing but the heavy waste of waters remain visible. But we dive with the ship and witness some extraordinary adventures under the sea amidst a variety of marine monsters, Captain Shivermytimbers (Mr. J. Ridley) being carried off in the embrace of an enormous octopus. Crusoe alone floats. The ballet of mermaids and fishes, who trip it amongst their coral caves and grottoes, is extremely pretty. This brings us to the desert island, on which Crusoe has established his home and where he is startled, as everybody knows he must be, by that solitary and mysterious footprint. The arrival of savages for a picnic with poor Friday trussed ready for cooking, brings about his rescue from the midst of the flames by our gallant friend Crusoe, who takes him to his home, where the goat butts him, the parrot screams at him, the monkey flies at him, the dog barks at him, and the cat scratches him, altogether making a very impressive welcome. Fun of all kinds keep the interest briskly going, until a strange vessel is sighted through a gigantic telescope, and who should this bear to the island but Will Atkins and Pretty Polly Perkins! She is in search of Crusoe, and he comes in obedience to her desire. A grand combat ensues of the usual sanguinary melo-dramatic order—one, two, three, and a thrust; one, two, three, and a parry kind, over and over again to music, in the most desperate way possible. At length peace with honour ends in mutual forgiveness, feasting, dancing, and general merrymaking, as we hope it always may. The entire party soon after embark for England, and after innumerable fresh ticklings to laughter we arrive in the River Thames, and a series of artistically-painted dioramic views convey us from Tilbury Fort to the ancient Tower of London, where the Lord Mayor appears in his gilded barge to present with all due state and ceremony the Freedom of the City to our great traveller, the heroic and happy Crusoe. In consequence of a hint supplied by the hoardings, Man Friday is washed white for the occasion, and when arrayed in modern garments is found to bear no distant resemblance to Lord Beaconsfield. The grand transformation scene must be seen it cannot be described. Venus and her attendant nymphs are seen in the air, gracefully posed, and bathed in prismatic colours. A stream of silver light, dazzling in its intense brilliancy, gradually replaces the lights of changeable colour, and the curtain descended in the midst of thunderous applause. The parodies and music-hall songs, now inseparable from pantomime, were full of sprightliness and go, and the comic business, although brief, went with much liveliness, keeping the fun well up to the last. The dancing of Miss Clara Fisher as Harlequina, and that of Miss Mortimer as Columbine, was full of sprightly animation and gracefulness, and "the Great Little Levite" was a fairly efficient clown.

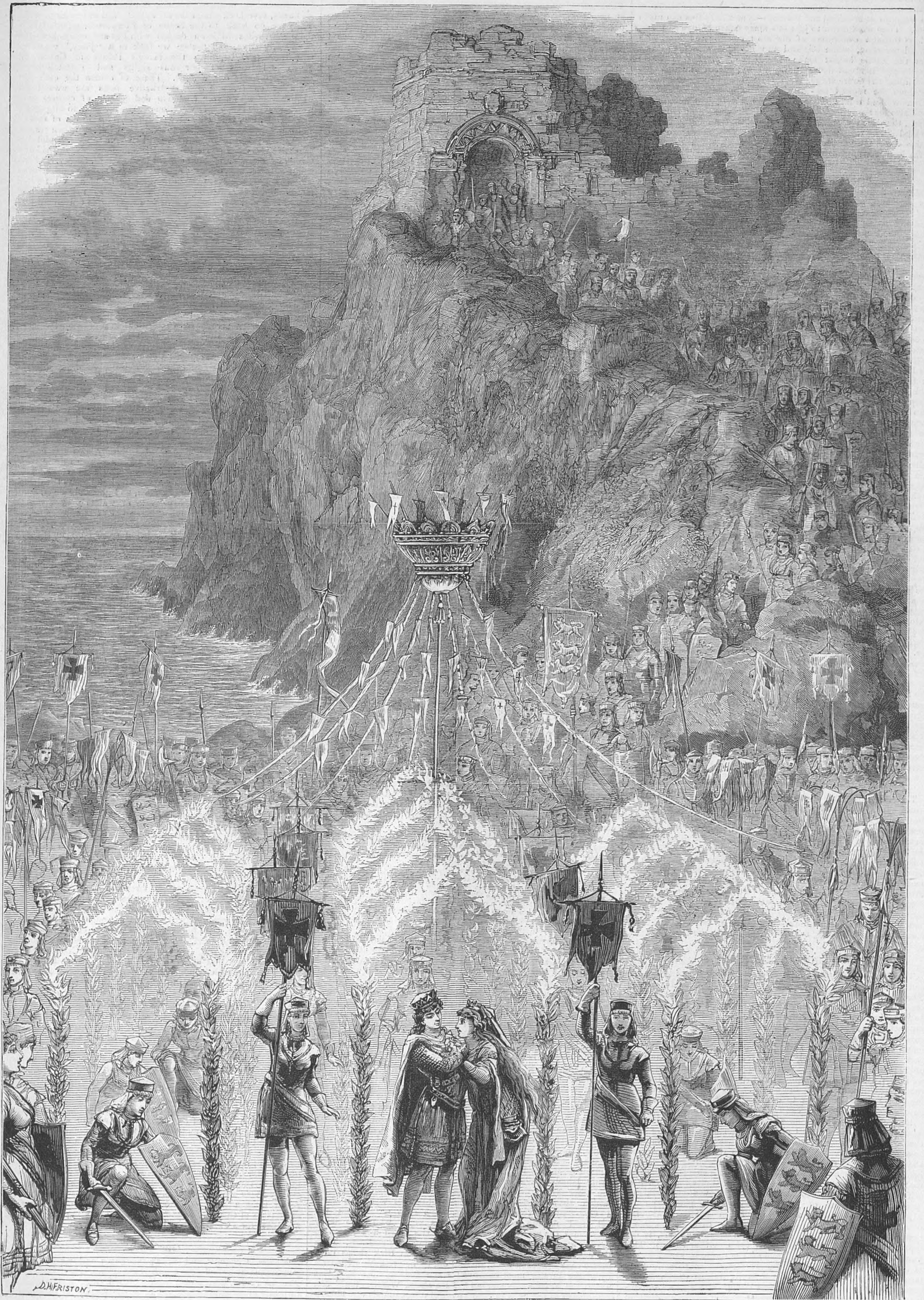
MYERS' HIPPODROME.

The Agricultural Hall has become a grand transformation scene in itself, so rapid, complete and admirable have been the changes wrought in it by the army of workmen acting under Mr. Myers' directions. Merely to see the audience on Boxing-night was a sight not easily to be forgotten. Two hundred trained steeds and five hundred clever human performers, with a wonderful acting company of lions, elephants, camels, and other animals were housed under the mighty roof, together with a racecourse seven laps to the mile, and a circus which is probably the largest ever made. Every part of the vast building was brilliantly illuminated, and a series of the most attractive and exciting sights conceivable, kept the audience in a continuous roar of applause from first to last. To dwell upon the wonders of the performance, the tricks of those gentle giants amongst beasts—the elephants; the calm resolute confidence with which their beloved friend, Mr. Cooper, entered the den of lions and played with them as if they were so many cats; the Roman chariot-race; the steeple-chase with lady-riders, the feats of Mdlle. Cora and M. Albin, upon a bicycle eight feet high, and all the other numerous attractions of this mighty show cannot fail to bring together vast audiences for a considerable time to come.

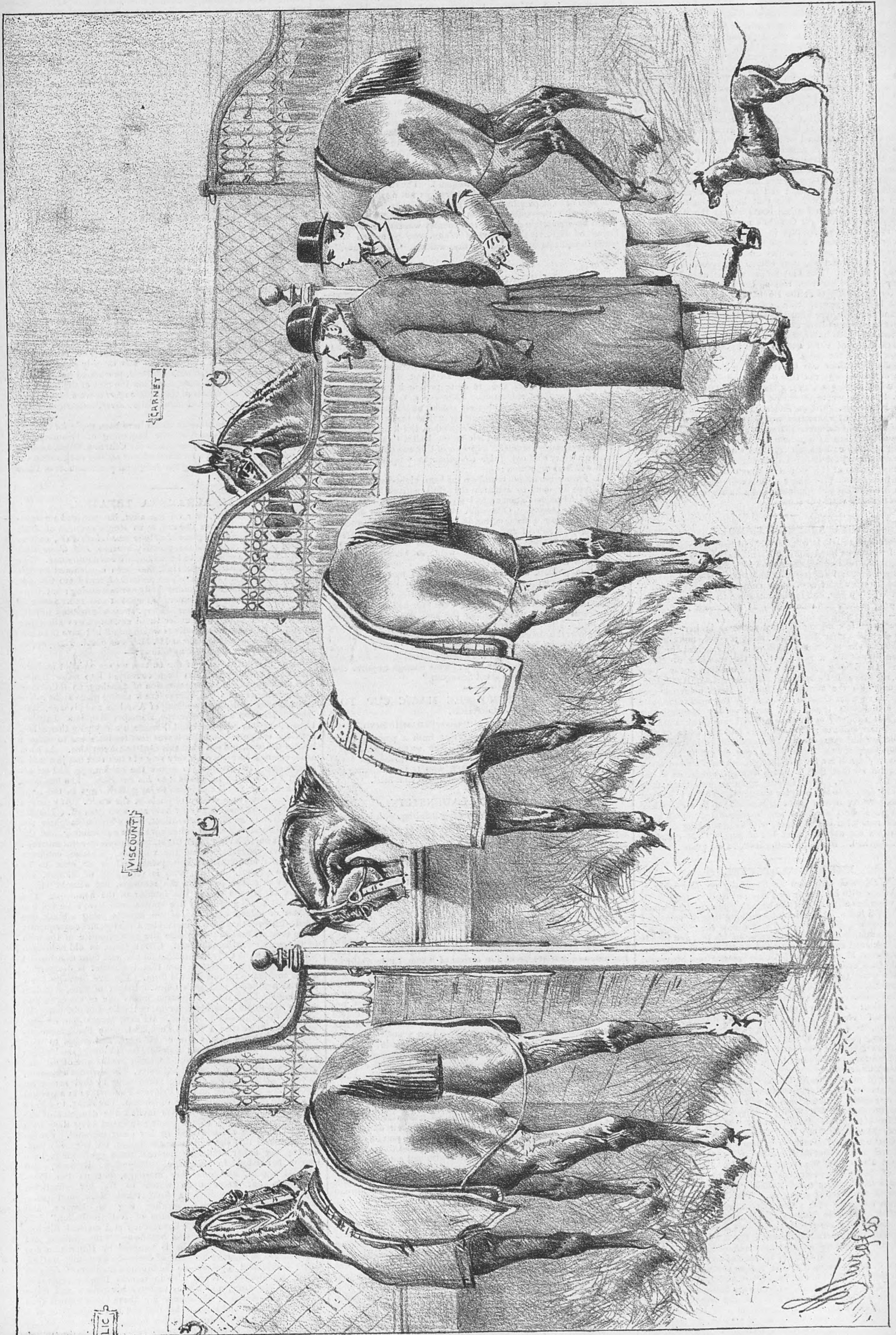
GRECIAN.

Messrs. Conquest and Spry's gorgeous and wonder-moving pantomime is called *Harlequin Hokee-Pokee, the Fiend of the Fungus Forest, &c.*, and a very finished, fine, favour-winning, furiously funny pantomime, full of fertile fancies, it certainly is. But we must return to it on another occasion when the space at our disposal will enable us to do it justice.

(Continued on page 390.)



SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME "ROBIN HOOD" AT THE STANDARD.—ISLAND OF CYPRUS



FROST-BOUND.—“EATING THEIR HEADS OFF.”

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MDLLE. AMBRÉ.

THE colony of Algiers last year sent us an operatic star of the first order. Mdle. Ambré, whose portrait graces the present number of our journal, was born at Oran, June, 1853, her father being a Frenchman, and her mother an Algerian. It is from the latter, no doubt, that she inherits the oriental beauty which exercises so remarkable a fascination. Her mobile features—especially her large dark and eloquent eyes—express all kinds of sentiment with graphic power, and render her equally successful in comedy and tragedy. Her voice, sympathetic, rich and powerful—especially in the higher registers—exercises a potent charm, and her interpretations of the works of great masters reveal a dramatic instinct, combined with an originality of thought, which renders her performances superior to those of merely mechanical artists. Her natural gifts displayed themselves at an early age, and were developed by a thorough musical education. While still a school-girl, she sang before the late Emperor Napoleon III. during his visit to Algiers; and he was so struck with the qualities of the youthful Emilie that he gave instructions that nothing should be omitted which could aid in the development of her wonderful gifts. At Oran she made her first appearance on the stage, as Rose Friquet in *Les Dragons de Villars*, and made a brilliant success. Soon afterwards she was placed at the Conservatoire of Music, Marseilles, and the fame of her powers spread so rapidly that she was offered engagements by many provincial managers. The unfortunate war between France and Germany prevented her from making her debut at Paris, and it was at the Royal Opera at the Hague that she appeared for the first time in grand opera. She at once became the idol of the public, and her departure from Holland was universally regretted. Last year she appeared for the first time in Paris, where her impersonations of Gilda in *Rigoletto*, Violetta in *La Traviata*, and the title character of Verdi's *Aida* were hailed with enthusiasm by the public and the press. The young prima donna's career at the Salle Ventadour was interrupted by the commercial misfortunes of the managers of that unlucky establishment, and Mr. Mapleson lost no time in securing Mdle. Ambré for Her Majesty's Theatre, London, where she made a highly successful debut on the 16th November, 1878, as Violetta in *La Traviata*. In this and other important characters which she impersonated in the course of the recent autumnal season at Her Majesty's Opera she established her claims as a prima donna of genuine merit, and was rewarded with enthusiastic applause whenever she appeared. Our readers will rejoice to learn that Mdle. Ambré is engaged for the next season at Her Majesty's Opera, of which she will be a conspicuous ornament. She has deservedly gained the favour of English musicians and amateurs, and a hearty welcome awaits her when next she visits our shores.

MRS. STEPHEN KEMBLE.

The portrait of this lady was intended to take its place in our gallery of "Famous Players of the Past," and to be accompanied by a biographical sketch of her career, which was a very interesting one, and not without its importance in histrionic story. The space demanded for other matters of more current value compelled us to defer Mr. Wall's paper, and in the meantime to put in its place the following extract from an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1832):—

"There were few more delightful actresses in her day. In speaking she had a clear silver voice, most musical, most melancholy (though she was not a little of a vixen, and in pure spite once almost bit a piece out of the shoulder of Henry Johnston in *Young Norval*, while bending over 'my beautiful, my brave,' in the maternal character of Lady Randolph), and she sung with the sweetest pathos. From many fair eyes shut have we seen her Ophelia draw tears in the mad scene, and she was a delicious Juliet, and an altogether incomparable Yarrow. Not so lovely as the fair O'Neill, nor so romantic, for she had borne children; but her eyes had far more of that unconsciously alluring expression of innocence and voluptuousness, which must have shown through the long fringes of the large lamping orbs (*sic*) of the fond Italian girl, who at fourteen was a bride, and but for that fatal sleeping draught, ere fifteen would have been a mother. In Catherine again we have more than once been delighted to see her play the devil. To her it was not every man, we can assure you, that was able to be a Petruchio. In all the parts she played she was impassioned, and all good judges who remember her will agree with us in thinking that she was an actress not only of talent but of genius." Her maiden name was Satchell. Boaden is enthusiastic in her praise.

EMILE WALDTEUFEL.

Emile Waldteufel was born at Strasburg on December 9, 1837, and came with his family to Paris on April 9, 1849. In his early years he suffered from the excessive poverty into which his parents had fallen. He followed for a long time a course of instruction at a public school. To this day the "Maestro" recalls with emotion this cruel beginning of his life, and he has preserved the most cordial and grateful recollections of his excellent professor, Mons. Barbier. A clever pianist from his youth, he was admitted as laureate at the Conservatoire of Music where his studies were brilliant. Marmontel helped him with his precious advice, and the most complete success was not slow to crown his efforts when, being obliged to contribute by his talent to the necessities of his family, he found himself compelled to neglect his studies. The Conservatoire, in a fit of ill-humour, withdrew their favour from the young deserter. While still a pupil, Emile Waldteufel began to show himself a composer and a professor; in fact, at the age of fourteen years he had found a publisher for "Cadiu," his first composition, and at the same period he imparted his art to a number of pupils, notably to the ladies of the family of the famous General Bourbaki. He soon entered into a style of music in which he rapidly became master, and the applause which Meyerbeer lavished on one of his, "Joies et Peines," at once decisively fixed his career. The author of "Manolo," of "Bien-Aimé," of "Mon Rêve," of "Les Lointaines," of "Madeleine," and of several other *chefs d'œuvres* of dance music, has however exercised, and not without éclat, his fertile imagination on classical music also. At the request of His Excellency the Minister of State, he dedicated, in 1862, to His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, a march called, "Alexandre-Marche," which created the greatest sensation. The Russian sovereign honoured the composer with a magnificent present. On the 7th of November, 1868, Her Majesty the Empress of the French appointed Waldteufel her pianist for all the Court soirées held in Paris and at all the Imperial residences. The Emperor Napoleon III. greatly appreciated his talent, and made him come once all the way from Toulon to Compiègne (a distance of 200 leagues) for a few hours during a reception. It happens that Waldteufel in German means "Devil of the Wood." "Ah!" gaily remarked the Emperor, seeing Waldteufel entering the ball-room, "there you are! Bravo! If one can have a Waldteufel without a ball, it would be impossible to have a ball without a Waldteufel." A pleasant example of the relations existing between the composer and Napoleon III. is that Waldteufel, being an Alsatian, speaks a

very disagreeable German jargon, and the Emperor, who dearly loved to speak German, never failed to converse in that language, and Waldteufel never failed to reply in French. It was the most curious dialogue that one could imagine. When the war of 1870 broke out Waldteufel was at Biarritz. His health was very feeble; he joined, however, the Garde Mobile, and bore all the hardships of a field life without once losing his inexhaustible spirits. He was adored by his comrades, who concurred in the very natural desire to make him an officer. He most emphatically refused this mark of honour, and remained the simple soldier until his regiment was disbanded, after the signing of peace. In 1872 the King of Spain, Don Amadeus, conferred on Waldteufel the Order of Chevalier of the Royal Order of Isabella the Catholic. He married a singer of great merit, Mad. Célestine Dufau, who had gathered abundant laurels in her too short theatrical career; she had gained, above all, very great notice in Brussels at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. Waldteufel had risen to the height of his reputation in Europe, when the publishers, Coote and Chappell, also became anxious to introduce his beautiful melodies into England. The success was complete. In less than a few months there was not a lady, young or old, who did not play by heart all his works—where mingled the liveliest with the softest strains of melancholy. The summit which his reputation gained in this country was the patronage and favour of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who permitted Waldteufel to dedicate one of his prettiest waltzes, "Bien-Aimé," to him.

HIGHLAND DEER-STALKING.

The royal headed deer, with its superior development of horns—to the growth and perfection of which forest boughs are antagonistic—delights in the heath-covered open hills, wandering proudly in its mountain solitudes, dreading neither collie nor sportsman, fearless as eagle or raven, and so keen of eye and ear that the shooter needs all his skill and the hunter all his craft to get a fair aim at him. The pair in our sketch, who have warily crouched in their hiding-place and mingling patience with eagerness are waiting for a shot, know all about his peculiarities, general and individual, and are quite prepared for the chances they have carefully calculated. They are not, perhaps, crack shots in the sense a rifle volunteer would understand, but their practice has been at objects altogether unlike the target or even the mechanical running deer of Wimbledon, the best shots from which, with their feet upon their native heath, they would probably considerably astonish. *Apropos* of this and our illustration, there is a story told by John Colquhoun in "Sporting Days" which will bear repetition:—

"A former tenant of Glenforsa had an eight-barrelled rifle with which he used to astonish the Mull natives by breaking bottles at fabulous distances, and no doubt he was a crack rifle-man—at the target. One calm summer day, soon after his taking possession, a wood-cutter, in passing through Garrochree Wood, spied a pair of antlers peering out above the low ground. Shrewdly suspecting the owner of the horns could not be far off, the man of the axe went to Glenforsa House and apprised Mr. — of his discovery. The eight barrels were soon shotted, and the rifleman, guided by the woodman, and accompanied by the farm grieve, was soon close to the stag's lair. The rifleman was perfectly concealed, and, to increase his chances of success, the deer had risen, and, all unconscious of peril, was cropping the rich grass within a point-blank range. The eight barrels were levelled. Barrel 1, the stag started; barrel 2, looked about to see where the noise came from; barrel 3, walked a few paces, and then listened; barrel 4, shook his head, and looked towards the enemy; barrel 5, the stag, like a determined duellist, thought he had done enough to prove courage, and resolved never to stand fire again."

GUTRONE OFFERING THE MAGIC CUP TO SIEGFRIED.

FROM WAGNER'S OPERA "GOTTERDAMMERUNG."

We this week produce an engraving from a painting in the Wagner Gallery, by Theodor Pixis. The scene represented is that in which Gutrone (the Krimhilde of the Nibelungen song) and sister to Gunther, offers Siegfried, who is just entering the Gibichung Hall, the magic drink which drives him mad.

THE CASTLE OF LAUENSTEIN.

This picturesque and romantic-looking building, with its quaint old-world, half-neglected and forgotten aspect is a subject which no painter in the world could slightlying pass by. Time-stained and worn with passing ages it stands a record of olden times, pregnant with suggestive fancies and interesting associations, upon which a poet would love to dwell.

MUSIC.

THE LITTLE QUIRITI.

MUSIC is at this season of the year displaced by the flood of Christmas holiday entertainments, and it is therefore with peculiar pleasure that we greet the arrival of "The Little Quiriti," a juvenile troop of Italian operatic singers, who have made a most successful début at the Criterion Theatre. The little artists—fifty in all—have become renowned in Italy, and deserve a hearty welcome from English lovers of music. It is not too much to say that *La Fille de Madame Angot* has never before been so well performed in this country as by this band of tiny singers, whose ages range from eight to fifteen years. The performances of juvenile prodigies are seldom acceptable; they are generally characterised by an awkwardness and a mechanical precision, suggestive of physical incompetency and painful drilling. The spectator thinks with regret of the laborious studies which have been undergone, and of the withdrawal of children from the natural occupations of childhood. In beholding "The Little Quiriti" no sentiments of this kind are awakened. These wonderful children sing their music with faultless accuracy and genuine dramatic expression, and they perform their duties with an evident delight, which dispels all suspicion of painful labour. Signor Poggi, their instructor, must have devoted to his task an incredible amount of labour, combined with patient kindness of disposition. It would have been impossible for him to succeed had his little pupils been forced to their tasks; and in inspiring them with love of those tasks he has illustrated the Shakespearean saying—

The labour we delight in physics pain.

The little urchins revel in the fun of the comic scenes in which they take part, and their gaiety is infectious. Amongst the chief performers there are some who may justly be styled finished artists. Mdle. Ghezzi, a prima donna, or rather donzella, aged eleven, gave an impersonation of Mdle. Lange, which was really perfect. She sang well, and acted with a self-possession, grace, and intelligence seldom equalled on any stage. Mdle. Ruggieri—a remarkably pretty child—was a charmingly naïve Clairette, and Signorino Agantini, a primo tenore of eleven years old, delighted the audience by the genuine dramatic power with which he sang, as Ange Pitou. The greatest success, however, was made by the little Signorino Vitulli, a child not quite

nine years of age, who took the audience by storm. He played minor parts, appearing as the old man Buteaux in Act i., and as the dragoon officer in Act ii. In the first-named character he was irresistibly comic. Every movement was full of spontaneous humour, and the countless changes of expression in his singularly comic and mobile features awakened incessant laughter. As the dragoon officer, he was not merely comic. His attitudes and movements, and his dance with Mdle. Lange, were exquisitely graceful, and his deportment was that of a finished gentleman. When the curtain fell, at the end of this act, there was a universal call for "Vittulli!" and the juvenile buffo was received with shouts of applause, which he acknowledged with inimitable grace, and with a triumphant glance at a certain box in which sat a gentleman who had promised a box of bon-bons to the artist who made the greatest success. It is often the case that juvenile precocity is followed by failure, and perhaps little Vitulli may hereafter furnish an illustration of the fact; but if his genius should go on ripening from youth to manhood, he will probably become the greatest comedian ever beheld on the stage. It must not, however, be supposed that he is the only attraction among "The Little Quiriti." The other artists whom we have named, and many others who might be mentioned, displayed musical and dramatic abilities of a high order, and the little choristers were note-perfect. Accustomed to sing in large Italian theatres, they exerted their voices too much, and occasionally screamed, in the modern Italian fashion; but we understand that this defect has now been removed. The opera was excellently placed on the stage. Effective new scenery had been furnished by Mr. Ryan; the dresses were bright and tasteful, and several first-rate instrumentalists attached to the troupe were included in the capital orchestra, conducted by Signor Delucca, who discharged his functions with much ability.

The opera was followed by a violin solo, executed by Odoardo Celli, a child five years of age. His performance was a remarkable display of precocity, but was not in any other respect gratifying. The programme concluded with *The Fisherman's Dream*, a ballet in six tableaux. It was cleverly executed, and the principal dancer, Signorino Paolucci, performed some elegant and surprising terpsichorean feats, but the plot of the ballet was unintelligible; the efforts of the little ballerine were beheld with only slight interest, and a short ballet divertissement would be preferable.

Owing to the arrangements which have been made for the production of a new comedy at the beginning of February, the "Little Quiriti" can only appear at the Criterion Theatre during the present month. We recommend our readers not to miss the chance of seeing and hearing the delightful performances of these charming little artists.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

Mr. Charles Morton, ever on the alert, has provided a new attraction at the Alhambra Theatre, in an English version of MM. Dennerly and Clairville's piece, *La Poule aux Œufs d'Or*, and the French title has been retained, possibly because *The Goose with the Golden Eggs* would have been suggestive of pantomime. The English adaptor, Mr. Frank Hall, has been condemned for the manner in which his task has been performed, and it must be admitted that his libretto is neither lively nor interesting; but, if we are correctly informed, he was called upon at very short notice to supply the place of Mr. James Albery, whose promised libretto was not forthcoming; and under these circumstances allowance should be made for shortcomings which might not have been observable had ample time been at Mr. Hall's disposal. His synopsis of the plot may be abridged, as follows:—

Scene 1: On the rising of the curtain we see a chalet and the ruins of an edifice which has been converted into a fowl-house. This chalet has been in the possession of Anselme, an old farmer, for a number of years. A village fête is taking place in the valley to celebrate the diamond wedding of Anselme and his wife, Marceline. His five sons, Polycarpe, Barnaby, Babolein, Babylas, Urbain, and his adopted child, Florine, are enjoying themselves with the villagers. Babylas leaves this festive scene to make a hole in the wall, and see what this fowl-house contains. As soon as he enters it he observes a very very old hen that has just laid a golden egg. He manages to secure the golden egg, and on his return to the valley he shows it to his brothers. The hen is an enchanted one, and is compelled to lay golden eggs in the hope that they may cause misery throughout the world. Any person breaking one of these eggs may have any wish granted. The fête is put a stop to by King Gros Minet, who with his daughter, the Princess Fanieluche, and suite, have been out hunting, and the Princess's horse, having taken fright, has thrown its royal mistress, who vows vengeance upon the villagers. Florine confesses her self the unintentional delinquent, and is at once to be taken to prison. Urbain, who is very fond of Florine, endeavours to rescue her from the retainers, but without effect. In Act II, we are shown the interior of the hen-roost. The enchanted hen is guarded by five sprites, who have collected five baskets of golden eggs, one of the baskets being a black one filled with eggs that have been laid on a Friday, and consequently when they are broken they realise the very opposite of the wish of the person who breaks them. Chanticleero, an old nobleman who had for some early indiscretion on his part been transformed into a cock, is disenchanted now that the secret is discovered, and is enabled to resume his old form. The five brothers come into the hen-house, and each takes a basket of eggs, Babolein choosing the black one. Polycarpe breaks one of the eggs, and wishes to become a mighty emperor, in the hope of obtaining the hand of the Princess Fanieluche. Barnaby breaks another egg, and wishes to become a Grand Turk, and make Fanieluche his Sultana. Babylas breaks one of his eggs, and wishes to be a second Alexander the Great; Babolein breaks an egg, and wishes to become King Perfume; whilst Urbain breaks one of his, and wishes that Florine may be set at liberty. These wishes are immediately granted, and the eggs are taken away by their respective owners. In Scene 2 we find the Princess Fanieluche in a passion on account of the disappearance of Florine. The King, to add to her rage, informs her that he has invited the daughter of the King Pepin of France, who is coming to spend a few days with her, and will be accompanied by her court minstrel. Fanieluche declares that she will leave the house, but is greatly pacified by her father informing her that three great kings have sought her hand in marriage. Polycarpe, Barnaby, and Babylas appear, and offer her marriage, but as the Princess does not know upon which to fix her affections, and the brothers quarrel, a fight takes place, and peace is not proclaimed until another egg is broken, and the act ends with a "Grand Union of Nations Ballet." In Act III, we find that Urbain has rescued and married Florine. In an unguarded moment he tells her the secret they possess, and one day when he is absent she is tempted by Emerandin and Chanticleero to improve her style of dress—to have fine clothes, costly jewels, and a palace—so she breaks a number of eggs to obtain her desires. When Urbain returns Florine repents of what she has done, and agrees to leave her palace and retire again to the cottage. No sooner are these ideas formed than Emerandin enters and informs her that she is the daughter of a great king, and was stolen from her father's palace, and left to perish in a field some sixteen years ago. As soon as Florine discovers that she is a princess, she breaks another egg in order

that she may be transported to the palace of her father, and the scene closes upon the joy of Florine, and the despair of Urbain. In the next scene we find ourselves in the palace of King Gros Minet, to which the three brothers—Polycarpe, Barnaby, and Babylas—have come to make love to Fanfreluche, but that noble lady has not yet made up her mind which of the brothers to choose. In Scene 4, which represents an open country, we find that the Princess Florine and the Princess Fanfreluche have become enemies, and are each at the head of a large army, the brothers Polycarpe, Barnaby, and Babylas volunteering to fight on the side of Fanfreluche; the act finishes with a grand ballet, which takes place in the Island of Birds. In Act IV. we are taken to Hades, owing to Babylas breaking an egg and wishing his brothers, Polycarpe and Barnaby, to spend a few hours there in the company of Babolein and Chanticleero, who have gone to Hades on account of the wish Babolein had given to his black egg. Monsieur and Madame Lucifer receive them with all honours, and the brothers mention that the general topic of conversation is concerning the Princess Pepina and her court minstrel; they appear, and afford their infernal majesties a great deal of pleasure. The scene concludes with a grand procession, and "Dans Infernale," in which the Girards appear. In Act V. we find that the brothers Polycarpe, Barnaby, and Babylas have returned to earth and have broken all their eggs except two. King Gros Minet and his daughter also appear, and we learn that they have lost their kingdom, which is now ruled over by the Princess Florine. As soon as Polycarpe hears this news he thinks of his brother Urbain, and breaks his last egg in wishing to see him and Florine once more united. Florine and Urbain immediately appear, and Urbain asks Florine if she will be content to abdicate the kingdom she has conquered and live once more in a cottage. To this proposal Florine consents and resigns her kingdom to King Gros Minet and his daughter. Anselme and his wife are desired to appear; to secure their presence Barnaby breaks his last egg and wishes to see his father and mother. We then find ourselves in the Isle of Harmony, and all ends happily.

Praise was fairly earned by all the artists engaged in the performance, amongst whom may be mentioned Miss Emily Soldene (Fanfreluche), Miss Constance Loseby (Florine), Miss Clara Vesey (Emerandin), Mr. Knight Aston (Urbain), Mr. Aynsley Cook (the king), Mr. Righton (Chanticleero), and two newcomers, Mdlle. Riviere (the Princess Pepina), and M. Bruet (Azoli), both of whom were in favour by piquant comic singing. M. Bruet's vocalisation was of the "jodel" kind, and one of his solos, in which he produced effects resembling the double-tonguing of a flute-player, was loudly applauded.

The incidental ballets were—as usual at the Alhambra—the chief attractions, and the reputation of the establishment was maintained by the graceful performances of Mdlles. Pertoldi, Gillert, and Rosa, and a *corps de ballet* attired in brilliant costumes, designed by M. Faustin, and made by Miss Fisher, M. and Madame Alias, and Mrs. May. The evolutions of the ballet were admirably contrived, and reflected credit on the inventor, M. Bertrand, who was specially called before the curtain. The vocal and instrumental music, selected from popular works by various composers, was well executed by the excellent band under the direction of Mr. Jacobi, by whom the charming ballet music has been composed. As a bright spectacle, with beautiful scenery (painted by Mr. A. Callcott) radiant costumes, graceful dancing, and delightful ballet-music, *La Poule Aux Œufs D'or*, is a welcome novelty.

A series of promenade concerts, organised by Messrs. Peck and Wainwright, have been given at the Albert Hall, Sheffield, during the present week. On Saturday last the vocalists were Madame Frances Brooke and Mr. James Sydney, who were most cordially received by the large audience. Mr. Sydney sang with great effect Sullivan's "Distant Shore" and "Come into the Garden, Maud." Mr. Peck conducted in good style the excellent band, and the spirited manner in which the managers give these concerts have gained well-merited success.

TURFIANA.

THE announcement in the Calendar as to the rule which affects the annual re-registration of assumed names will appear as an unwelcome reminder to the few who still, either from fancy or the force of circumstances, are compelled to race under an *alias* of some kind. Since the fee of a "pony" for this amusement became annually payable to Messrs. Weatherby, the number of these "great unknowns" has declined in a marked manner, and few care to go in for such an expensive luxury unless they mean business; whereas some years ago these mushroom gentry sprung up on every side, and each owner of half a leg of a Streatham plater thought it incumbent upon him to register a *nom de guerre* along with his colours, which recent legislation has saved him the trouble of doing. The Grand National Hunt Committee are content with a modest five for the privilege of sailing under an alien flag, so that there is still a gate open for the indulgence of the whims of a certain section of sporting society. No doubt great good has resulted from enactments which tend to put an end to all unnecessary mystery and dark dealing, and we may hope that numbers of silly moths have been thereby prevented from singeing their wings. In all relations of men with their fellows it is only right and proper they should know with whom they are dealing, and this cannot be the case so long as it is permissible to race under assumed names. It must have struck all who take the trouble to run and read that a very large proportion of the unfortunates whose names are periodically published in the Forfeit List belong to the division which goes in for concealment of identity—a pretty good proof that the turf would not lose much by abolishing the practice *in toto*, or by raising the registration fee to a prohibitive amount, which would come to nearly the same thing.

The fee demanded for Prince Charlie's services at Belhus will be the same as that required of subscribers when the big chestnut stood at Hampton Court, and we cannot help thinking that Sir Thomas Lennard has taken in hand a very difficult task in trying to fill his list at so high a figure. As a rule, owners of blood sires have been lowering instead of raising their fees, and this was especially needed in the case of stallions which fail to command a fair share of public patronage. As we pointed out at the time when the "Prince of the T.Y.C." exchanged the post for the paddock, it seemed against common sense as well as precedent that such an "almighty roarer" should find friends at a price not always commanded by sound horses of some reputation as progenitors of winning stock. It is urged by way of excuse that so great an authority as Lord Falmouth sees no objection to breeding from mares notoriously unsound in their wind; but we cannot see the force of this argument as applied to such a veritable "grampus" as Prince Charlie, even though none of his stock may be musically inclined at present. Doubtless many owners of brood mares would "chance" so grand looking a horse at a low figure, but he cannot hope to get his subscription filled at fifty guineas, while so many better sires fail to attract their share of Belgravian mothers at half the price.

A far more likely sire is The Grey Palmer, a very fair performer in his day, a really good-looking horse, and one of the few fathers of the stud with an infusion of Chanticleer blood. Since The Palmer took his departure for Germany, his loss to us

has become painfully apparent, and both Grey Palmer and Pellegrino are certain to be sought after by those desirous of dipping into the Weatherbit strain which descended through Beadsman to so many high-class performers among his sons.

Pero Gomez has again had a satisfactory season, but the fall of Sir Joseph on the eve of the Derby was a heavy blow and sore discouragement to those interested in the success of the Bonehill sire, who had some really high-class mares in 1878. Many breeders with whom we have conversed appear to think that Pero is still the same rather angular and "three-cornered" customer he seemed while in training, and more especially in his two-year-old days, when he showed many of the characteristics of his sire, Beadsman, who never could be called a beauty either while in training or at the stud. Those who entertain such ideas of Pero Gomez should pay him a visit at his home in the Midlands, where Scott will introduce them to one of the nicest horses in England, a gentleman all over, with both the temper and the manners of an aristocrat. Though not quite so round and handsome perhaps as Rosicrucian, we should say that he stands higher, girths better, and is to the full as muscular as Mr. Carew Gibson's horse. He has quite lost that queer "pinched in" look behind, which made him an indifferent horse to follow while in training, while his fetlock joints are no longer of the "soda-water bottle" order, and he stands very true and square on his legs, and his forehead is as near perfection as possible. He gets his stock with plenty of size and length, and should therefore suit small, short mares which require more "scope" in their offspring. We saw some rattling good foals by him at Bonehill in the summer, and he seems to get a lot of browns and bays with but few white stockings or bald faces. Caller Ou was one of the distinguished visitors on his list, and she is just the sort of mare to suit Pero Gomez, who has also some very eligible consorts on the home list. He possesses also the high recommendation of being a sure foal-getter, and we shall look for him to make a big mark at the stud ere long.

At the usual resorts of betting men things are as dull as ditch-water, and though strenuous efforts are now and again made to galvanise into life the dry bones of winter Derby betting, it all comes to nothing, and though would-be takers are plentiful, layers cannot be induced to come out of their shells at any price. Peter is nominally favourite, but we saw enough of Victor Chief at Newmarket to induce us to pin our faith once more to the yellow and black, and Robert Peck's colt has only to go on in the right way to make "all his enemies and opposers whatsoever" sing small on the Derby Day. Ruperra is said to have improved greatly of late, but we can't quite bring ourselves to believe in an animal which showed such manifest signs of deterioration as the season advanced, though he may improve upon his latest performances.

There is a nice opening for breeders at Enfield, when the old Glasgow Stud Farm is without a tenant, but we fear the opportunity comes at a wrong season, seeing that the "depression" has at last affected purveyors of yearlings, who are looking forward to bad times in the sale ring next summer. Still there are no signs just yet of any great break up, and it is on the cards that breeders may tide over the evil days upon which they have fallen before being compelled to desist from carrying on business at a loss. It is devoutly to be hoped that no winter epidemic among foals may add to their troubles; but reports reach us of very many barren mares in most districts, as might be expected after last year's experience.

Report says that the familiar Lefevre tricolour is to re-appear on English racecourses in 1879, and as Count Lagrange appears to be reducing the strength of his stable, *la belle France* will stand in need of some doughty champion to sustain her *prestige* in this country. The resources of the haras at Chamant will doubtless be equal to the occasion, and we hear that "drafts" from the youngsters bred there have already been thrown upon our market.

SKYLARK.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

It is a strange fact for me to be able to keep the heading to these notes intact even at the commencement of the first month of the year; yet the enterprise of our compatriots in foreign lands enables me to start with a few words of cricket. What next to horse-racing may be fairly considered the national pastime of Englishmen apparently is taking root all over the world. From Australia, the States, Canada, India and China, together with Ceylon, accounts of matches are repeatedly reaching us, and as I write a contemporary lies before me with returns from the East.

At Allahabad, on the last day of November, eleven of the Station opposed a team got together by the R.A. and 2nd battalion of the 22nd Regiment. The latter lost the services of their best men and were defeated by 81 runs, their score being 54 against 135. For the losers only Corporal Brennan 11, and J.W. Hawkins 14 got into double figures, but on the side of the victors H. Hensman and G. Ellis came out well with 52 and 39 respectively.

The D.B. Royal Horse Artillery and No. 1. R.A. also played at Ahmednugger, when the former through the fine play of Gunner Saunders 51, Webb 13, and Swift 11, won by 109 to 58, O'Brien 25 and Wadders 10 performing best on the other side. At Bangalore, Captain Pratt and Lieut. Hayes of the local Volunteer Rifles, chose sides against each other when a close struggle resulted in a victory for the superior officer's side 77 to 72, the best performers being Sergt. Page 36, Sergt. Lacey 20, and Private Taylor 15. At the conclusion of the match a discussion on cricket ball throwing took place, which resulted in a prize being offered, when Sergt. F. Hayes won with the fair essay of 103 yards.

My readers may remember that we were to have been treated with a visit from the Bombay Parsee C.C. last year, but official duties put a veto on the proceedings. Two elevens of the club met in friendly rivalry on December 8, being the first of a series of weekly matches to be decided. I. M. Patell's side beat R. Bhikaji's team by 107. For the victors I. H. Mowji made 30, one five, one four, two threes and singles in the first innings, and C. D. Majoo 17 and 16, but here I must stop or I shall get into a tangle over the names.

Conway, the letter-writing secretary of the colonial team who visited us last year, has forwarded to his friends in England a long letter anent the Philadelphia affair, which places the matter in quite a different light to what the Yankee reports did. I hope his version is correct, and he certainly seems to have decidedly the best of the argument.

Recently, too, a match Shanghai C.C. and Navy v. Mih-ho-loonga C.C. was played; the amalgamated team made 130 in their first innings, and won easily.

Amateur long-distance walking has received a great lift from the Boxing Day journey promoted by the Messrs. Waddell in the name of the committee of the London A.C., and I was very glad indeed to see a novice win. The course and weather were both adverse to anything like a record being made; but, as will be seen by the appended table, the performance was a fair average one all round, the following being the official return of those who finished in time to obtain prizes:—R. M. Hickson, L.A.C., 7h 10min 27sec; B. Nickels, jun., L.A.C., 7h 13min 58sec; J. A. Squires, L.A.C., 7h 18min 10sec; R. Lee, introduced, 7h 26min 29sec; E. B. Hadley, L.A.C., 7h 28min 34sec; A. G. Hopkins, introduced, 7h 28min 54sec; E. A. R. Ewen, Cadogan S.C., 7h 29min 47sec;

E. D. Johnson, Thames R.C., 7h 33min 56sec; H. Collett, L.A.C., 7h 37min 23sec; R. A. Wilson, Brixton F.C., 7h 38min 35sec; C. Spiller, Crusaders F.C., 7h 45min 25sec; J. C. Milligan, introduced, 7h 49min 40sec; D. Pullin, introduced, 7h 49min 57sec; G. P. Beckley, S.L.H., 7h 50min 17sec; W. Parker, introduced, 7h 52min 53sec; W. E. Fuller, L.A.C., 7h 53min 34sec; H. H. Griffin, L.A.C., 7h 55min 26sec.

Those who were erased from the list of entries had a chance offered them by the Amateur A.C. last Saturday, prizes being given in a thirty miles' walk. W. Harris, of no club, won in 5h 9min 55sec. A. A. Sinclair, North London A.C. 5h 11min 32sec, second, none of the others being timed.

A road run of the Isledon Harriers is the only fixture that has reached me as coming off amongst the cross-country teams last Saturday. W. J. King came in first, followed home by H. Coulson, Longman, Cumber, Horvath, Moffatt and M. Clarke.

Northern and Southern professionals will have to be careful next season what they are about. H. Walker, a Northampton "pro" my readers may remember, journeyed to the Lyonsdown C.C. sports on September 21st last, and knowing that Mr. Fred Warren, who was handicapped on the 19 yards' mark would be elsewhere, deliberately ran in his stead and carried off both the race and prize. The committee, in the persons of Messrs. Boyes and Pank, determined to prosecute, and Walker on Tuesday had to appear before Mr. Prior, Chairman of the Sessions at St. Albans, to answer the charge of fraudulently obtaining the prize. Mr. Douglas Straight prosecuted, and in the most lucid manner laid the matter before the jury, and Mr. Roxburgh having vainly attempted to raise a legal quibble, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, appending a recommendation to mercy. The prosecution cordially seconding this, the chairman and magistrates taking advantage of the power left in their hands by the law, let the prisoner off with a fine of five pounds.

Although an attempt was made to drag Mr. Warren into the case as instigator of the affair, he entirely exonerated himself in the minds of all present, Mr. Croome watching the case on his behalf instructed by Mr. Jeffrey, of Northampton. As far as the sentence went it was, in my opinion, far too lenient a one, but those who try the same little game in the future, now they cannot make the excuse they did not know the extent of the crime, may find six months' enforced hard labour a far from agreeable way of spending their time.

When I hear anything in connection with cases of this sort I shall at once expose it. I must say the virtuous indignation of Mr. Boyes in the witness-box, when he remarked that his extreme desire for a conviction was caused by his anxiety to maintain the purity of athletics, would be rather let down if the following be true:

Mr. Boyes in the box (I was present in court, and therefore am not going by hearsay) distinctly stated that when the prisoner asked him for the prize, he remarked to him that it was a nice one, but hardly suited to his apparent position in life. Yet unless I am misinformed, despite his evident opinion that there was something not quite right about the runner, Mr. Boyes not only backed him to win, but afterwards invited the supposed Mr. Warren to take a drop of port wine, and the pair accordingly "liquored up." This may or may not be relevant to the question, but I think it is. If any circumstance led any one of the executive to fancy the competitor was not what he seemed, why not withhold the prize? F. Warren, of Northampton, was well-known an entry enough to all athletes, and I know there were several on the ground who knew him. How about colours—were any declared? And what did Walker run in? A letter to the committee of the Northampton A.C. would have elucidated the matter. I have given this case considerable prominence, as it is one of great importance.

It will not be the fault of a contemporary if Ross, the Canadian, does not get on a match; what with hearing so-and-so and inserting challenges, they have been busy of late. The affair Ross versus F. Emmett is, however, very likely to come off.

An arrangement, it is reported, has been come to for J. M. Feeley, of Barrow-in-Furness, and J. Hawdon, of Delaval, to double scull Joseph Kempster, of Sunderland, and R. W. Boyd, of Gateshead, for £200 a-side, but as only the conventional "five" is at present down, and the Northerners so frequently talk amongst themselves without acting, I shall wait until next week before I verify the truth of the match.

There has not been over and above much doing in billiards since my last. On New Year's Eve George Collins and Hunt played an exhibition game 1,000 up, the latter receiving 100 points start, at the King's Arms, Shoreditch, and the top-weight won by 84. The winner made the best break, viz., 185.

By-the-by, that was rather an amusing article in a contemporary, entitled "Billiard Gossip," and I think I could give it a more appropriate one. What does the writer mean when he makes the following statement, speaking of John Roberts, sen.; "And it was during the zenith of his career that what had hitherto been regarded as standard rules to be observed in playing the game became totally ignored?" Again, William Cook, jun., was far from "a comparative novice" when he played for and won the first championship.

Yet again, there is somewhat of an unfair insinuation in the remark—"For, taking advantage of Roberts's absence in India, Cook challenged the holder . . . within the stipulated time, &c., &c." In my opinion, there was no advantage taken. Cook has always readily met J. Roberts, jun., for the championship when the latter has been in England, and what he did was but a matter of form. No doubt the writer meant no insinuation, but the statement grates on the ear of those who remember that Roberts, decidedly taking advantage of Cook being not in his best form, at the eleventh hour challenged him, and beat him for the trophy when the holder had only a few hours more to retain it for it to become his own.

My readers, I hope, will not think I am "chipping" the writer, but having been connected with billiard journalism for some dozen years, I do not like to see a journal which could at one time boast of a billiard writer who practically understood the game indulging in such vagaries as the following:—"The play of Hunt all round the table fairly surprised many who had been in the habit of regarding him as essentially a 'spot-hazard player.'" Where were the "many" to be found? My past experience has been that Hunt was all but champion at an "individual shot," and was principally noted for all-round cannons. He certainly never in my hearing has been described as "essentially a spot-hazard striker." Why, after running through all the recent American tournaments, is the winner's name (Fred Bennett) omitted from the last? Just fancy, too, comparing Lloyd's début with Fred Shorter's!!

That report that John Roberts, jun., refused to shake hands with Cook when they met in India has been established beyond all doubt. I never doubted the veracity of the statement myself, his caddish behaviour to the "fourth estate" whenever he had a chance of showing it being proverbial.

John Keen beat Walter Phillips, of Wolverhampton, on Boxing Day for the Professional One Mile Championship Cup, at 425 a-side, by half a dozen yards, in 3min 10½sec, on a heavy course.

EXON.

HEAL ALL!!—For Bruises, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Lumbago, &c., no embrocation equals "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, is sold a bottle. [ADVT.]



OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

Of all the institutions that annual upset British Stomach, and through the B.S. the British Mind, commend me to dear old Christmas as by far the most successful. Dear old Father Christmas has been limned from time to time in various makes-up. He is generally a rollicking, robust old gentleman, with a wreath of holly round his head, a warm robe of brown trimmed with fur; in one hand he holds aloft a goblet of huge dimensions; supposed to contain the very essence of all that can warm the soul; with the other he strokes his long white beard, and his teeth glisten in the fire-light as he laughs forth his happiness. I have also seen him in the window of a sweet-stuff shop with a hood over his venerable head, and a Christmas-tree held



Dear Old Father Christmas

"shoulder arms" fashion; from this hang an orange, a paper drum full of sweets, and a sugar elephant. In this effigy the old man is not so offensively happy as in the picture I have before described. A few days ago I saw him depicted in a weekly paper as a miserable old man with modern hat of ancient condition; from his pockets protruded bundles of bills, taxes, writs, &c., and from his nose depended an icicle. Now this is much better, but scarcely correct. I had the misfortune to see the old person the night after Christmas, and have tried to give my memory of him as far as possible, but it lacks



In the Stalls —

the sickly tones of purple-pink about the eyes and nose, and the flabby, yellowy-green about the cheeks; still you can supply the colours by a peep at the subject himself next year, which can be obtained by allowing friends to stuff puddings and other masses of indigestion down your throat. However, thank Heaven! the festival is past, and the old man has gone to limbo for a year, and thanks to the good Saint Antibilious, and those guardian angels, Parr and Cockle, we shall soon be in a condition to forget to groan for him. The children too have had their Gregory's powders, and are beginning to recover that healthy glow they brought

home for the holidays with them, and are settling down to enjoy the pantomimes, which are, in their turn, settling down to run smoothly. Covent Garden Theatre this season presents a pantomime which, for gorgeousness of mounting and perfection of detail in costumes and properties I should think stands unequalled.



Mr Herbert Campbell - The leading Beauty at Covent Garden

The question is, is it worth a manager's while to lavish all this expense on a class of entertainment which is ephemeral and running in a pack which will all be visited in turn, if successful (which depends, I fancy, on the author, actor, and scene-painter—not the property-man and costumier)? But Messrs. Gatti may ask me what business it is of mine how much they spend on their Christmas fooling! None in the world, of course, and I must only say I vastly admire their pluck and enterprise, and sincerely hope they will see their money (or a portion of it) back again. Mr. Frank Green, whose work has been so well known and popular at the Surrey Theatre year after year, has this year transferred his services to the West End, and is accountable for the book of the Covent Garden spectacle—it is



The young gentleman whose part Mr Macdermott "doubles"

more than a pantomime. His subject is "Jack and the Beanstalk," and very adroitly he has told his story. His humour is of a natty character, but in the hands of such comedians as Mr. Herbert Campbell and Mr. Macdermott, it can become as boisterous as you please. The acting one cannot say much about; it is overwhelmed in the torrent of gorgeousness that keeps rolling across the stage. Mr. Herbert Campbell is not seen to so much advantage, I fancy, as at the Grecian; the surroundings there seemed to fetch out his irresistible drollery in a manner that cannot be consummated by the frequenters of the more aristocratic opera-house. Mr. Macdermott is boisterous without being funny. It was quite a relief when the part he plays was entrusted to the mite who plays it during the giant scene (of which hereafter). This little man's face was a perfect study of earnest determination to act—and he did it too. But the leading comedian is the dog, he leaves all competitors far behind. He has not much to say for himself, but a good deal to do, and he does it comically always. The fault with the characters played by Messrs. Macdermott and Campbell is that they are always stepping forward and singing music-hall songs, as though in a music-hall—this and the fact that Mr. Macdermott is (as he ought not to be), with the exception of his face, "made-up

pretty." Mr. Campbell, too, has the misfortune to wear a long dress. Now if there is anything more comforting than another about Mr. Campbell's appearance upon a stage it is his feet and his manner of using them. The scene in which the giant is represented as slain, and the characters of the story appear in miniature, is one of the most admirable piece of stage arrangement I ever saw. The giant, who lies dead, filling the whole stage with his great carcass, is absolutely a work of art, and nothing could be better than the swarms of little mites running up and down the ladders placed against his great ribs. I intend treating myself to a view of this scene from the amphitheatre or some other remote altitude of the theatre—it must be very effective. I have not said much about the ladies individually, because



The leading Comedian at Covent Garden.

is difficult; collectively they are very nice, bless their little hearts, and (occasionally) big bodies! Mr. Alfred Thompson has done his very best work in designing the dresses, and has the satisfaction of seeing his intentions carried out by the costumier—a thing so rare as to be a matter of congratulation to him. Rows of little faces beam from every part of the theatre, and pairs of little hands pat together with approval



Good Saint Antibilious.

wherever one turns to look. Even the stalls are occupied by ladies and gentlemen of the tenderest ages, all happy as can be. Some bigger children are enjoying it too. There is Master Arthur Sullivan in that box there, next the one occupied by little Georgy Wombwell, and, bless me! if Master Duggy Straight isn't as much interested as though the spectacle was a trial, the libretto a brief, and as if he was receiving a large fee for sitting it out!

THE PANTOMIMES.

(Continued from page 383.)

THE ROYAL AQUARIUM THEATRE.

The old story of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" has been chosen by the management this year as the subject for the Aquarium pantomime, and the annual Christmas dish is served up by the Brothers Grinn, and those humorous cooks have been most successful in suiting the palate of their numerous audiences. The large amount of visitors both morning and evening prove beyond doubt that their seasonable fare is highly relished. Though the dressing is somewhat new, the plot is of course the same, and turns upon the magic influence of the wonderful lamp. Aladdin is a scapegrace of a boy, and the plague of his poor old widowed mother's heart. He is impervious even to the power of a School Board, and yields only to the fascinations of peg-top, and other seductive boyish games. But a change is wrought in the aspect of affairs by the appearance of Abanazar, Aladdin's uncle. He proposes to the widow to take her son into his service, she, yielding to the magical power of gold, agrees at once, and we next find uncle and nephew in the Cavern of Jewels. Here, of course, the all-powerful lamp is found; the uncle fails in his attempt to get possession, and through the interference of a dumb slave the lamp becomes the property of Aladdin. He becomes rich, encounters the Princess, is enamoured of her at once, and they eventually are married. In the midst of their honeymoon the uncle again appears, and by the aid of a disguise obtains the old lamp in exchange for a new one. He carries off Aladdin's bride and transfers her to his own palace, where he is followed by the despairing husband and the dumb slave. Here, owing to the counteracting influence of a magic ring, the lamp is regained and the villainous Abanazar defeated. Mr. Charles Collette was never seen to better advantage. He played with a spirit of true burlesque and delivered his melodramatic death speech with so much comic force that the audience fairly roared with laughter. His dancing was capital, his duet with Mr. Fawn a perfect gem of humour, while his quaint sayings were received with unbounded satisfaction. Mr. Paul Martinetti played the dumb slave in a masterly manner, and evoked loud applause by his eccentric gyrations. His was certainly the best-played part in the pantomime, his drunken dance being worthy the loud approval so liberally bestowed upon it. Mr. James Fawn has become celebrated for his rendering of pantomime females, and the Widow will rank with his most humorous efforts. It is impossible to resist his droll manner, and his appearance is always hailed as a signal for real fun. Miss Kate Phillips makes a charming Aladdin, and plays her part in a most telling way. Some of the other ladies are not quite up to the standard of required excellence, consequently their parts are played in a flat and unprofitable manner. Miss Amy Forrest sings with grace, and wins for herself general admiration as the Princess. Miss Emily Miller enacts Zobeide in a highly humorous style, and assists in every way to make the opening "go." The ballet is capably arranged. Miss Violette and Miss Percival are clever dancers, while Mdlle. Bartoletti is the very perfection of terpsichorean ease and grace. The scenery is in every way good, the effect in the Flying Palace being especially so, and the transformation is simply charming, for nothing is attempted that is not done well, and, considering the scant stage, the scene is a little gem. The harlequinade is well represented by the Martinetti and Paulo troupes, and the spirit of the fun never flags from beginning to end. The dresses, designed by Mrs. May, are in every way worthy the high repute of her establishment; they are costly and beautiful. The music is arranged with skill, and must please the most fastidious ear. The whole production reflects the utmost credit on Mr. E. F. Edgar, the stage manager, for the able manner in which he has superintended and staged this year's pantomime, and there is no doubt a long run will reward the production of *Aladdin*.

BRITANNIA.

The plot of *The Magic Mule, or the Ass's Skin: the Princess to Win* is the one oasis of novelty in all the wide pantomime field of the year, it being a pantomime adapted from the French. Full of the weird and fanciful imaginings of fairies and demons, it has some novel and effective spectacles which are nightly received with expressions of rapturous approval. We shall probably return to it with a fuller description next week. The story it tells we have already published.

PAVILION.

Little Red Riding Hood and the Gob(b)lin Wolf is the title of the pantomime at this popular East-end theatre. It was written by Mr. T. L. Clay and derives some of its incidents from a Christmas story by Mr. Frank W. Green, called "Jack in the Box." In the comic business the Alexander family take an active part. We have not yet had time to visit the Pavilion.

MARYLEBONE.

At this house a brisk-going pantomime, called *Jack the Giant Killer; or, Harlequin Mary, Mary Quite Contrary, &c.*, has been winning from its holiday audiences enthusiastic plaudits, and keeping them in a constant state of mirth and admiration.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

St. George's Hall has added to its attractions for Christmas *A Trip to Cairo*, in which Mr. Corney Grain gives an amusing account of incidents and adventures with which he has recently met while pursuing his journey for health. This and the new fairy sketch, *Enchantment*, gives the patrons of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed a very pleasant evening's entertainment.

HAMILTON'S AMPHITHEATRE OF VARIETIES.

Some new songs and other novel and attractive additions for the holidays have been made to the popular entertainment at this theatre, to which we hope to devote some space in our next issue.

PROVINCIAL PANTOMIMES.

We are compelled to hold over until next week our notices of pantomimes in the provinces.

THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed—in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

ALEXANDRA (St. George's Hall, December 21).—This "well-known and old-established club"—to repeat a formula which in this case really expresses the truth—commenced its eighth season last Saturday with a performance of Morton's "screaming" farce *Slasher and Crasher*, and the *Ticket of Leave Man*. The start was not a good one, for the curtain was twenty minutes behind time in rising, which period, being occupied by an orchestra of limited resources, apparently exhausted their repertoire, for the "Cloches de Corneville Quadrille" was the only thing they played during the rest of the evening. However, the "screaming" farce came at last, though it hardly justified its title. The acting, if not absolutely bad, was distinctly mild—and *Slasher and Crasher* is not altogether adapted for mild acting. Mr. C. S. Lee played Benjamin Blowhard with a good deal of bustle, and at least loudly enough; but the noise and the fussiness were hardly of artistic quality. Mr. Robert Hall, the Sampson Slasher, seemed to be yet at the painful stage when the management of the hands occupies all one's thoughts, and is in the end too much for one; but the Christopher Crasher—what a monotonous style of fun it is to which these alliterative names belong!—was, as played by Mr. Geo. A. Hall, decidedly the best character in the piece. That this is the highest possible form of eulogy I do not wish to assert, but, such as it is, Mr. George Hall certainly deserves it. Mr. F. H. Clinton was the Lieutenant Brown, and endeavoured to give a nautical character to the part by roaring lustily, and fixing his attention steadily upon the "flies," but I think, on the whole, he would have played better had he subdued these attempts at "local colour." It is really not possible to do very much with Miss Dinah Blowhard, but what was to be done Miss M. Henderson did, and I really do not know how else to criticise Miss Jessie Carlyon's performance of Rosa. Then came *The Ticket of Leave Man*, which surely had better have constituted the entire programme. In reviewing the performance, only five nights earlier, of this same piece, by the First Surrey Rifles, I questioned the wisdom of its selection by amateurs. Of the merits of the play there can of course be no doubt, but it is a very long piece, and a most trying one—the four principal men must all be strong actors, thoroughly at home on the stage—and it is, besides, so very well known that the chances are that a large majority of the audience (in London, at all events) will have seen it played, of course infinitely better, by professionals. There are certain pieces in which really first-rate, cultivated amateurs have a fair chance of being better than second-rate provincial professionals. These are such "drawing-room comedies" as *The Scrap of Paper*, but almost any country company would beat the best amateurs in strong melodrama. Moreover—to come to particulars—the Alexandra Club hardly, by their performance of Saturday, justified their claim to be ranked among "the best amateurs," though in lighter work they would no doubt have been far more satisfactory. Mr. Robert Hall's Slasher had not given promise of much excellence in his Robert Brierley, nor was the latter, on the whole, a good performance. Although at times Mr. Hall seemed about to forget himself, and to throw himself vigorously into the part, the effort always died away too soon, and his one outburst—when, in the office scene, he turned, and recognising Hawkshaw, recoiled with a wild cry—was too much like a reminiscence of Mr. Irving's Mathias to be altogether appropriate to the Lancashire lad. On the other hand, Mr. Edgar Wallace deserved the highest praise for a vigorous and effective rendering of Jem Dalton—which was also, oddly enough, the part best acted in the Surrey Rifles' performance, already noticed. Mr. Wallace played with very great finish and care, and not only spoke like Jem Dalton but, in "make-up" and general appearance, was like him: his disguise in the third act—always a great chance—was particularly good. Mr. Charles Melville's Hawkshaw, again, was by no means without merit, but he marred the effect of some of his best points by a too heavy delivery, and by a rolling of the eyes which tradition associates with those gentlemen who "play the villains at the Vic." As for Melter Moss, the amateur who attempts him must be gifted with a courage greater than that attributed by Horace to the first sailor; and when I say that Mr. George Beste lacked power for the part I am merely saying that Mr. George Beste is not a professional actor of long experience. Mr. Bacon, who played Mr. Gibson, the bill-broker, showed the audience a good deal too much of his back; nor was he in other respects brilliant. The Green Jones, however, was—as with the Surrey Rifles again—one of the most successful bits of acting in the play: Mr. C. S. Lee made a good deal of the fun of this conventional but always effective part. The Maltby (Mr. A. Bishop) was also very good. I have so lately criticised Miss Pattie Bell's May Edwards that I need now only repeat that it is one of her best parts, throughout natural, careful, and pathetic; and Miss Henderson gave full effect to the rough but telling comedy of Mrs. Willoughby, a character which (like its counterpart, Mrs. Brown) appeals to a very large proportion of almost any audience. Sam Willoughby, too—perhaps the brightest relief in a rather tearful play—was well played by Miss Kate Carlyon; and Miss Jessie Carlyon did full justice to Emily St. Evremonde. Lastly, the stage-management was throughout creditable to Mr. A. Lloyd; though the substitution of a street in Algiers, in the fourth act, for the "Street in the City," recommended by Mr. Tom Taylor, can only be described as a triumph of artistic feeling over geographical accuracy.

ERRATICS, Bijou (December 21st).—This performance was, I believe, chiefly intended to give a trial to several new members of the club; it was, though a fair, not a very good one. *London Assurance* was the piece of the evening—played, very wisely, without any preliminary farce. An amateur of some experience, Mr. W. H. Romaine-Walker, appeared—not for the first time—as Sir Harcourt Courtley. There was no fault whatever to be found with his acting—it was throughout finished, intelligent, and most perfectly consistent with the character—only it wanted boldness. Mr. Walker might have been louder and more energetic in speech and action without the least loss of polish. Next on the bill comes that dreadful stumbling-block to amateurs—Max Harkaway—a very good part, apparently only possible to cheery, middle-aged professionals. This particular Max (Mr. J. R. Campbell) was more like a nervous and retiring city man than a jovial country squire. And the Charles Courtley—I can only

say that in delivery, pronunciation, and manner he seemed to me altogether hopeless. After him, the Dolly Spanker (Mr. C. L. Ranger), was indeed a relief. Although his conception of the part appeared hardly to be a correct one—rather more of the little town fop than the country booby—still it was a most distinct and even original conception, and its execution was exceedingly good—Dolly was indeed the hit of the evening. Mr. T. G. Stephens would have been a remarkably good Charles; he was not a remarkably good Dazzle. He even seemed nervous—a fault in this case particularly out of character; but there was still much that was pleasant and nothing that was bad in his performance. I must notice a habit of repeating insignificant words—as "no, no, no"—which seems to pervade Mr. Stephens' acting. Major Boynton, as Mark Meddle, hesitated too much; otherwise his performance was very characteristic and funny—his attitudes were often extremely quaint. Cool was played by Mr. Rodney C. Perkins—and it is a pleasure indeed to see an amateur who gives so much thought and care, not merely to his words but to his "business," as Mr. Perkins, who acts with such thorough artistic feeling, and even when only standing on the stage shows such earnestness and intelligence. The ladies, I am sorry to say, I cannot praise—except, indeed Miss Zoë Clifford, to whom Pert seemed capably fitted, and who made a good deal of the effective little part. But the Grace Harkaway, though she understood what she was saying and was not careless, showed throughout—in bearing, walk, and voice—that most fatal of faults, affectation; while the Lady Gay Spanker (Miss Adela Houston) was apparently too nervous to do herself justice, and Lady Gay is a part into which one must be able to throw oneself heartily and unreservedly.

Bijou (December 18th).—An unpretending operatic performance, by the Scuola Liro-Drammatica, conducted by Signor Gilardoni, deserves one word of record. The first act of *La Sonnambula* and the first act of *Il Trovatore* were played; and, although under the circumstances—I understand that there were unusual difficulties as to rehearsal, &c.—criticism would hardly be in place, the performance was sufficiently interesting to make one look forward to the next of these somewhat novel experiments, which will, I believe, take place before very long.

COMING EVENTS.—Throughout the week, Non-commissioned Officers D.C. (Woolwich) *Seven Champions* pantomime; Dec. 28th, Strolling Players (St. George's Hall), *Lady Flora*; Alliance, (Seyd's Hotel), *Sarah's Young Man* and *Miriam's Crime*. AUTOLYCUS.

THE Curraghmore Hunt Steeple Chases of 1879 will take place on the 1st of May.

A NEW theatre has been licensed in Glasgow, named "Her Majesty's Theatre." Mr. M'Foyden is the lessee.

FREDERICK HARRIS, described as a travelling theatrical manager, has been committed for trial on the charge of marrying three wives, named respectively Jane Mugford, Eva Lymes, and Frances Ellens.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—The Christmas and New Year's Festival Entertainments of this well-known company commenced on Boxing Day in the Great St. James's Hall, which has been beautifully redecorated. At the two performances no less than ten thousand persons were present, and, by their frequent and hearty applause, gave renewed proof of the immense popularity of this unrivalled troupe. Many fresh features were introduced in the programme. Mr. Moore was in great form, and was compelled to repeat his new song, "The Captain of the Awkward Squad." The chorus singing was as near perfection as possible. The concluding item of the first part, called "Oxygen," in which Professor Moore introduced his patent magnetic meter, is one of the best things in the programme, and should not be missed. The holiday entertainment will be given twice every day up to the 13th inst. in the large hall.

WARWICK SPRING MEETING, 1879.—Attention is requested to an Advertisement on another page as to the Closing of several Stakes, on Tuesday next, Jan. 7.

BIRMINGHAM STEEPLECHASES AND HURDLE-RACES.—In an Advertisement in another part of our paper will be found particulars of several Stakes which will Close and Name on Tuesday, Jan. 7.

LIVERPOOL HUNT MEETING, 1879.—Several Stakes Close and Name on Tuesday next. See Advertisement.

LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING, 1879.—Our Advertisement columns furnish full particulars of Stakes to Close and Name on Tuesday next, Jan. 7.

SOUTHAMPTON, 1879.—The Cranbury Park Stakes and the Stoneham Park Stakes Close and Name on Tuesday, Jan. 7. See Advertisement on another page.

HALIFAX SPRING MEETING, 1879.—We beg to call attention to an Advertisement containing particulars of Stakes to Close and Name on Tuesday next.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

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MESSRS. E. and H. LUMLEY will SELL BY AUCTION, at the Mart, London, on **TUESDAY NEXT**, January 7, at TWO, at a very low reserve price, the Hill House Estate, Leicestershire, with possession.

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1879.

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The following Stakes CLOSE and NAME on TUESDAY NEXT, January 7th, to Mr. J. Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham; Messrs. Weatherby, London; Mr. R. Johnson, St. Mary's, York; Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 28, Conduit-street, London, or Newmarket; or to Mr. E. B. Healey, 32, Kenilworth-road, Rathgar, Dublin.

FIRST DAY.
A MAIDEN HURDLE-RACE of 100 sovs, for horses that have never won a hurdle-race or steeple-chase value 20 sovs up to the time of naming. Four-year-old, 11st; five, 11st 10lb; six and aged, 12st. The winner to be sold by auction for 200 sovs and any surplus to be divided between the owner of the second horse and the fund; if entered to be sold for 100 sovs allowed 7lb; if for 70 sovs 14lb; if exemption from sale be claimed at the time of entry to carry 10lb; any winner after the date of entry to carry 7lb extra. Entrance 3 sovs to the fund. About two miles, over eight flights of hurdles.

ERDINGTON STEEPLECHASE PLATE (Handicap) of 100 sovs. Entrance 3 sovs to the fund. About two miles and a half.

SECOND DAY.
ELMDON HURDLE HANDICAP of 10 sovs each for starters, with 150 sovs added. Entrance 3 sovs to go to the fund, the only liability for non-starters. Two miles, over eight flights of hurdles.

BIRMINGHAM GRAND ANNUAL HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 15 sovs each, 5 ft with 200 sovs added. Entrance 3 sovs, to go to the fund, which is the only liability if declared. About three miles and a half.

THE CRAVEN CUP (handicap steeplechase) value 200 sovs, with 50 sovs added; by subscription of 10 sovs each, 5 ft. Winners after the weights are declared (February a.m.) to carry 7lb; twice, or 100 sovs, 10lb extra. About two miles.

Mr. John Sheldon, Clerk of the Course, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham.

SOUTHAMPTON, 1879, will take place on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the 17th and 18th of July.

Under the Rules of Racing.
The following stakes close and name on Tuesday, January 7th, 1879, to Messrs. Weatherby, Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, or Mr. J. D. Barford, Clerk of the Course, Southampton.

FIRST DAY.
THE CRANBURY PARK STAKES of 15 sovs each, 7 ft. 3 only to the fund if declared by the first Tuesday in May, with 100 added if three horses start; for two-yrs-old, colts, 9st, fillies, 8st 12lb; winners, 4lb, twice, 7lb extra; T.Y.C. straight.
Mr. Thos. Cannon Mr. Thos. Gee
Mr. C. A. Day D. Montrose

SECOND DAY.
THE STONEHAM PARK STAKES of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 50 added, if three horses start, for two-yrs-old, colts, 9st, fillies, 8st 12lb; winners once 4lb, twice, 7lb, and of the Cranbury Park Stakes, 10lb extra, but no other penalty; T.Y.C. straight.
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HALIFAX SPRING MEETING, 1879, will take place on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, the 9th and 10th of May.

FIRST DAY.
THE HALIFAX TWO-YEARS-OLD STAKES of 5 sovs each (1 ft to the winner), with 100 sovs added, for two-years-old; colts, 8st 10lb; fillies and geldings, 8st 7lb. A winner to carry 3; twice, 6; thrice, or of any race value 200 sovs, 10lb extra. Maidens allowed 5lb. The second to save his stake. Half-a-mile.

SECOND DAY.
THE SAVILE PARK PLATE of 200 sovs, for two-years-old; colts, 8st 10lb; fillies and geldings, 8st 7lb. A winner to carry 5lb; twice, or of any race value 200 sovs, 10lb extra. Maidens allowed 5lb. Entrance 3 sovs each. Five furlongs.

* * * The above stakes close to Messrs. Weatherby, London; W.; Messrs. Pratt & Barbrook, London, W.; Mr. Richard Johnson, York; or to Messrs. Dawson and Johnson, Clerks of the Course, Malton and York on Tuesday, January 7th.

LIVERPOOL HUNT MEETING will take place over the Aintree Course on TUESDAY, February 4th, 1879. Under the Grand National Rules.

TUESDAY, Feb. 4th.
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THE MAIDEN HURDLE RACE of 80 sovs.
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THE FIRST CHALLENGE HUNT STEEPLECHASE of 200 sovs. added.
THE MAIDEN HUNTERS' STAKES of 80 sovs.
The above stakes close and name on the first Tuesday in January (the 7th), 1879, to Messrs. Weatherby, London; Messrs. Pratt & Barbrook, London, or Newmarket; or Messrs. Topham, Chester.
Messrs. Topham, Handicappers and Clerks of the Races.

LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING will take place on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, March 27th and 28th, 1879. Under the Newmarket and Grand National Rules.

THURSDAY.
THE LIVERPOOL SPRING CUP, 500 sovs added.
THE PAYNE PLATE, 200 sovs added.
THE NATIONAL HUNTERS STAKES, 200 sovs added.
THE LIVERPOOL HURDLE HANDICAP, 200 sovs added.
THE SEFTON STEEPLECHASE, 200 sovs added.

FRIDAY.
THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE of 1,000 sovs added.
THE PALATINE HURDLE HANDICAP of 200 sovs.
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THE STARKIE PLATE of 200 sovs.
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Messrs. TOPHAM, Handicappers and Clerks of the Races.

WARWICK SPRING MEETING, 1879, will take place on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the 3rd and 4th of April.

The following Stakes CLOSE and NAME on TUESDAY NEXT, January 7th, to Mr. J. Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham; Messrs. Weatherby, London; or to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 28, Conduit-street, London.

FIRST DAY.
THE WILLOUGHBY WELTER HANDICAP of 70 sovs each, with 150 added. Entrance 5 sovs, the only liability if declared. One mile.

SECOND DAY.
THE PUBLIC AUCTION STAKES of 10 sovs each, 3 forfeit to the fund, with 100 added, for yearlings purchased by public auction in 1878 (to run as two-years-old); colts, 9st 3lb; fillies, 9st. Those purchased for less than 1,000 guineas allowed 3lb; for less than 500 guineas, 7lb; for less than 200 sovs, 12lb; to be claimed at the time of naming, and an additional 7lb may be claimed if entered to the Clerk of the Course, at Warwick, to be sold by auction for 100 sovs, at seven o'clock the evening before running. The winner (if so entered) to be sold, and the surplus divided in the usual way. A winner of 200 sovs at one time 7lb extra. Straight run in.

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EAU FIGARO.
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EAU FIGARO.
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[The pressure upon our space compels us to hold these over until next week.—ED. I.S.D.N.]

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THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1879.

"WINNING SIRES."

THE list of "winning sires" must always furnish food for interesting comment, appearing as it does at a season when breeders, both for public sale and private use, are busily engaged in negotiating for alliances among the prominently fashionable sires of the day. These are started in stud life at all sorts of prices demanded for their services, but a fair public trial of the merits of each speedily settles the question of precedence, and one after another they find their proper levels in the long list put forth in the *Calendar* as Christmas comes round. On occasions there may be instances of undue exultation and depression as regards the results of the year's racing, and sometimes we find flashes in the pan and temporary failures disturbing elements in our calculations; but the performances of their offspring are the surest and most reliable tests of excellence in stallions, and the public will not be persuaded to pay high prices for any but really well proved and unquestionably high-class candidates. We do not propose to dissect and discuss the "class list" lately issued, because it almost speaks for itself; but there are certain salient features which may be worth more than a passing notice, and which may not strike any but interested analysts of the tables set before them. It seems to us of the highest importance to enquire, not only what horses stand out as stars of the first magnitude in the galaxy of blood sires, but also what families and tribes have been most uniformly successful, as distinguished from individual claimants for patronage by English breeders. Thus the study of these returns becomes more deeply interesting, and from the signs of the times we may venture to make pretty accurate forecasts as regards the "coming k's" of the stud. There is no truer racing or breeding maxim than "blood will tell," and we find this exemplified over and over again in the course of a purview, such as we now purpose to make (as briefly as possible), of the list of "Winning Stallions for 1878."

Speculum stands out *facile princeps* as regards both number of winners and of races run, and in respect of his grand total far in advance of any living sire, seeing that he is within a little of doubling the winnings of Hermit, and is only approached by the deceased Lord Clifden. Speculum's success at the stud should set breeders thinking about Galopin, a very different stamp of horse by the way, and dissimilarly bred on his dam's side, but one that would have stood a better chance of distinction had the fee asked for his services been of a less magnificent character. We must look a long way down the list before encountering any other prominent representative of the house of Blacklock, John Davis having a very poor return this year, and Brahma standing next to the pride of Moorlands with a fair figure of merit, mainly secured through that useful plater, Speculation. The feature of the list is, of course, the prominent position held by the sons of Newminster, of which no less than six are to be found in the first twenty, or nearly one-third of that number, including Lord Clifden, Hermit,

Adventurer, Victorious, Cathedral, and Strathconan, all very diversely bred (with the exception of Lord Clifden and Cathedral) and differing much in point of looks and general conformation. True, there is a dash of Newminster's stamp of quality in all of them, but it has always appeared to us that the best of his sons have invariably strained back to their dams, and the Sheffield Lane sire is generally supposed to resemble Newminster more than any other of his direct descendants. Besides the above, a glance down the list will reveal such minor cadets of the same distinguished horse as Cardinal York, Vespasian, Wenlock, Winslow, and Exminster, while Petrarch is no unworthy recruit, and Cambuscan's name crops up as the progenitor of Kincsem, the best mare of modern days, while his son, Camballo, has been winning golden opinions in Yorkshire. Blair Athol again comes out head of the sons and grandsons of Stockwell, but an analysis of his winners will show that far too many of them are mere short-distance performers; and Silvio's is the only name of real note as a stayer among the nineteen, which includes several roasters lucky enough to have placed good stakes to Blair's credit. St. Albans comes next, and holds a most respectable position without a Springfield to help him this year; while his son Julius almost invariably shows out well, considering that breeders have never taken very kindly to a really good horse in a good year. Thunderbolt, Broomielaw, Lord Lyon, The Duke, Uncas, and Co. must be put down as only qualified successes, and we must see more of Marshall Scott before placing Ethus among the conscript fathers, seeing that he is a sort of single-speech Hamilton as yet. Did not The Earl dispute with The Palmer (and most unrighteously) the sireship of Pilgrimage, the illustrious exile would come out second in the list—a position which he must virtually be considered to occupy, and we must all regret that his services are no longer available to English breeders, save at great trouble and expense. While endeavouring to obtain for The Palmer his due, we may notice that other members of his family show a bold front, for both Rosicrucian and Pero Gomez leave off with a rising aspect, and Brown Bread and Mandrake were worthy pillars of the house of Weatherbit, before death deprived us of the former and the foreigners of the latter. In fact the Weatherbits, in point of the sum total won by his scions, do not compare altogether unfavourably with the Newminsters, and to these two families, in conjunction with that of Voltigeur, unquestionably belong the honours of the year. Harking back to other branches of the Touchstone descent, we find that Scottish Chief has experienced rather a serious "backwardation" since last season, when (as in the Derby of 1864) he was a "runner up" to Blair Athol, though it is only fair to state that the bay has never, up to the present time, had half the chance of the pale chestnut. Another descendant of Touchstone is Tophophite, who has done well considering all things, but we must travel lower down the list before halting at such names as those of Orest, Albert Victor, Plutus, Distin, Marsyas, Lacydes, Flageolet, Canary and others claiming to have sprung from the loins of old Orlando. Now that Parmesan is dead, and Macaroni slightly under a cloud, Sweatmeat does not come out quite so well as in former years, and it is unfortunate again that Favonius should have been taken from us, though Cremona bids fair to be head of the house some of these days, and Macaroni may yet beget a worthier successor than Macgregor, who wants something better than platers to make him fashionable. Knight of the Garter shows the boldest front among the Melbournes, and seems to get nearly everything to "run a little," but he is not so well backed up as he might be, and Joskin, Solon, and Brother to Stafford and Young Melbourne, are the only others of the same family possessing any kind of reputation. Sterling has been exalted to the headship of the Birdcatchers proper, a distinction formerly in dispute between Oxford and Saunterer (both recently deceased), and Isonomy did the Yardley sire a very useful turn: and here we may note that the Rataplans are getting very scarce indeed, seeing that Miner is dead, and Blinkhoolie in exile; but Cymbal has recently returned to the land of his birth, and may be the means of resuscitating this line of blood. The Wild Dayrells show better than for some years' past, and we have Wild Oats making a well-merited reputation in his first season, and See Saw cutting a most respectable figure, while Paul Jones, Wild Moor, and the Rake have all begotten some useful stock. The poor old king of Mentmore's name still lingers in the returns, wherein he has figured so gloriously in days gone by, but the Harkaway succession seems safe with Kingcraft, one of our most promising young sires, and King Tom is otherwise fairly represented by The Baron, Mogador, Restitution, and a few others, while King Lud's name may not improbably figure respectably in next year's return. We are indebted to France for infusions of the Gladiator and Bay Middleton sources of blood; which stand in no danger of being neglected so long as Mortemer and Chamant, Dollar and Dutch Skater remain at the service of breeders in France or England, and Salvator is an acquisition to sires standing in this country, though as yet he has had no chance of showing the stuff of which he is made. The direct Pantaloon line, through the defunct Thormanby, is represented only by Merry Sunshine, and that of Lanercost by Lecturer; while we have not space at our command to notice other branches of lesser repute which burgeon from the trunk of the Turf's genealogical tree. Neither can we trespass beyond the limits allotted to us for the purpose of showing our readers what we may term the other side of the picture, namely, the successes and failures of the various sisterhoods of brood mares. This may form the subject for an article later on, and it is but fair that such important features in the composition of a racehorse should receive equal attention with its male progenitors. It is only by reading these signs that we are enabled to attain to anything like a reliable insight into breeding operations, which it is gratifying to find, year by year, partaking less of the happy-go-lucky character and more of the scientific aspect, as suggested by a study of the results of crosses and combinations heretofore effected.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

A DRAMATIC STORY

Adapted expressly for this paper.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

CHAPTER I.

If a stranger were passing along the Rue Nique, Paris, and had leisure for minute observation, he would be struck with the clean, neat aspect of a lofty house bearing the number 23. Curious to say this house did not bear a good name. Balzac somewhere says "there is a fate for houses as well as men." The first storey was occupied by the families of two *rentiers* of simple habits. A collector, who sometimes acted as broker, lived on the second flat, and had his office there. The third floor was let to a rich baron who was only "in town" in the season. The fourth storey was occupied by a man known as "Papa Grassot," although he had not turned the corner of fifty. He was a dealer in bric-à-brac and curiosities, and his rooms overflowed with his collection. The fifth floor was divided into stuffy little rooms which were occupied by poor families or clerks. An addition to the house in the rear had its own staircase, and was in the possession of still humbler tenants. As I have said, the house had a bad reputation, and the lodgers had to bear the consequences. Not one of them could have got a franc's worth of credit at the neighbouring shops. No inmate, whether rightly or wrongly, stood in such bad odour as the *concierge*, M. Fanta. He and his wife were studiously avoided by their *confrères* of adjoining houses, and shady stories were told of both. This Fanta was reputed to be well off; it was said that he lent money and did not hesitate to charge sixty per cent. a month. He acted, it was said, as agent for two of the tenants, the broker and the dealer in bric-à-brac, and undertook the executions when poor debtors were unable to pay. Madame Fanta had even graver charges laid at her door. The neighbours said she would do anything for money, and was, moreover, cruel and unscrupulous as regarded her female lodgers.

It was whispered that this precious couple had formerly lived in the Faubourg St. Honoré but were compelled to leave there on account of bad conduct. They were also reported to have a son named Henri, a handsome fellow, who affected fashionable society, and whom they perfectly idolised, while he was ashamed of them. He only turned up at night occasionally it seemed to solicit money, and having got it went his way as silently as possible.

The two Fantas shrugged their shoulders and protested they did not care for the opinion of the world so long as they had easy consciences and paid their way.

Towards the end of last December, on a Saturday afternoon, just as husband and wife were sitting down to dinner, the dealer in curiosities, Papa Grassot, rushed into their room. He was a man of middle size, and wore a long coat with an immense collar. "Quick, Fanta!" he cried eagerly. "Bring your lamp and follow me. There is trouble upstairs."

"Trouble!" exclaimed the woman. "What has happened, dear M. Grassot?"

"I'm sure there is someone dying on the fifth floor. I heard the death-rattle! I'm not quite certain, but I think it proceeded from the room occupied by that pretty girl, Mdlle. Gabrielle, who lives up there. Quick, are you coming?"

But they did not stir.

"Mdlle. Gabrielle is not in her room," said Madame Fanta, coldly. "She went out and told me she wouldn't be back till nine o'clock. You are mistaken."

"No, I am sure I was not mistaken! But never mind, we must see what it is."

During this conversation the door of the room had been open and several of the lodgers, hearing the voice of the dealer and the exclamations of the woman, had stopped and listened.

"Yes, we must see what it is," they repeated.

M. Fanta dared no longer oppose the general desire so strongly expressed—

"Let us go, then, since you will have it so," he said.

Taking up his lamp, he began to ascend the stairs, followed by the old dealer, his wife, and five or six other people. From storey to storey the lodgers opened their doors to see what was going on, and when they heard that something was likely to happen, they almost all left their rooms and followed the others, so that M. Fanta had nearly a dozen curious persons at his heels when he stopped on the fifth floor to take breath. The door to Mdlle. Gabrielle's room was the first on the left in the passage. He knocked at first gently, then harder, and at last energetically, until his heavy fists shook the thin walls of all the rooms. "Between each blow he cried, "Mdlle. Gabrielle, you are wanted!"

No reply came.

"Well," he said, triumphantly, "you see!"

But whilst the man was knocking at the door, M. Grassot had knelt down and tried to open the door a little, putting now his eye and now his ear to the key-hole. Suddenly he rose, deadly pale.

"It is all over; we are too late! Don't you smell charcoal?"

Everyone tried to perceive the odour, and soon all agreed that he was right. As the door had given way a little, the passage had gradually become filled with a sickening vapour. The people shuddered, and a woman's voice exclaimed—

"She has killed herself!"

As it happens too frequently in such cases, all hesitated.

"I am going for the police," at last said Fanta.

"That's sensible," replied Grassot. "Now there may be a chance to save the poor girl: when you come back it will be too late."

"What's to be done, then?"

"Break in the door."

"I dare not."

"Well, I will."

The kind-hearted man put his shoulder to the worm-eaten door, and in a moment the lock gave way. The bystanders shrank back; they were frightened. The door was wide open, and masses of vapour rolled out. Soon, however, curiosity triumphed over fear. No one doubted any longer that the poor girl was lying in there dead, and each one tried his best to see where she was. In vain. The feeble light of the lamp had gone out in the foul air, and the darkness was impenetrable. Nothing could be seen but the red glow of the charcoal, which was slowly fading into white ashes. No one ventured to enter.

But Papa Grassot had not gone so far to stop now in the passage.

"Where is the window?" he asked the *concierge*.

"On the right, there."

"Very well, I'll open it;" and he boldly plunged into the dark room, and almost instantly the noise of breaking glass was heard. A moment later the air was fit to breathe, and everybody rushed in.

Alas! it was the death-rattle M. Grassot had heard.

On the bed, on a thin mattress, without blankets or bedclothes, lay a young girl about twenty years old, dressed in a wretched black merino dress, stretched out apparently lifeless.

The women sobbed aloud. "To die so young!" they said, over and over again; "and to die thus."

In the meantime Grassot had gone up to the bed and examined the poor girl.

"She is not dead yet!" he cried. "No, she cannot be dead! Come, ladies; come and help the poor child till the doctor comes."

Then he told them what to do to recall her to life.

"Give her air; plenty of air. Cut open her dress; pour some vinegar on her face; rub her with some wollen stuff."

He issued his orders and they obeyed, although they had no hope of success.

"Poor child," said one of the women; "no doubt she was crossed in love."

"Or starving," whispered another.

There was no doubt that poverty—extreme poverty—had ruled in that chamber; the traces were easily seen. The whole furniture consisted of a bed, a chest of drawers, and two chairs. There were no curtains to the window, no dresses in the trunk, not a ribbon in the drawers. Evidently everything that could be sold had been sold—little by little. Too proud to complain, the poor girl who was lying there had evidently gone through all the stages of suffering which the shipwrecked mariner endures who floats upon a stray spar in the great ocean.

Papa Grassot was thinking of all this, when a paper lying on a chair attracted his eye. He took it up, and read:—

"Let no one be accused; I die voluntarily. I beg Madame Fanta will take the two letters, which I enclose, to their addresses. She will be paid whatever I may owe her. GABRIELLE."

There were two letters. On the first he read:—

"COUNT SAINT-ROCH,

"Avenue Josephine, 115."

And on the other:—

"M. EUGENE NORIAC,

"16, Rue Coquin."

A light brightened the eye of the bric-à-brac dealer, a wicked smile played on his lips, and he uttered a very peculiar "Ah!" All this passed in a moment. His brow then grew dark as ever, and he looked round to see if anyone had observed the impression produced upon him by the letters. Nobody had noticed him, for they were all occupied with Gabrielle. Thereupon he slipped the paper and the two letters into his pocket, with a dexterity that would have excited the envy of a pickpocket. The women who were bending over the bed of the young girl were becoming intensely excited. One said she was sure the body had trembled under her hand, while the other insisted that she was mistaken. But the matter was soon decided; for after about twenty seconds of suspense, during which all held their breath, a cry of hope broke forth.

"She has trembled—she has moved!"

This time there was no possible doubt. The unfortunate girl moved, faintly and feebly, but still she had stirred. A slight colour returned to her pallid cheek, her clenched teeth opened, and her lips parted to inhale the fresh air.

"She is alive!" exclaimed the women, as if they had seen a miracle performed. "She is alive!"

In an instant Papa Grassot was by her side. "She is saved," he cried, "but she must be attended to, poor child! We must put her to bed, and she must have blankets, fire and lights!"

He did not mention nearly all that was needed, but a great deal too much for the people who stood by. The broker's wife put a five-franc piece on the mantelpiece and quietly slipped out, and most of the others followed her example, but left nothing. Only the two ladies from the first floor and the *conciérge* and his wife remained, looking at each other in great embarrassment, as if they did not know what their curiosity might cost them.

Papa Grassot smiled bitterly, and said—"Excellent hearts—pshaw!" then shrugging his shoulders, he added—"Luckily, I deal in all possible things. I'll run downstairs and be back in a moment with all that's wanted. After that, we shall see what can be done."

Madame Fanta's face was the picture of astonishment, for Papa Grassot was not generally considered a generous person. In fact stories were told of him that would have rivalled Harpagon. Nevertheless, he re-appeared soon after, staggering under the weight of two mattresses; and when he came back a second time, he brought even more than he had mentioned.

Mdlle. Gabrielle was breathing more freely, but she was evidently unconscious of what was going on round her. The two ladies were tending her anxiously, disposed to do anything, now they were no longer expected to open their purses. M. Grassot turned to Fanta and said,—

"Come, we are in the way of these ladies, suppose we go downstairs and return when the child is comfortably put to bed."

The good man lived in the same rooms in which the thousands of things he was continually buying were piled up in vast heaps. He had no fixed place for his bed, but slept where he could, or rather wherever a sale had cleared a space for the time. Just now he occupied a little closet, and here he asked the *conciérge* to enter. He poured some brandy into two wine-glasses, put a tea-kettle on the fire, and sinking into an arm-chair, said,—

"Well, M. Fanta, this is a terrible thing!"

His visitor had been well drilled by his wife, and said neither yes nor no; but the old dealer was a man of experience and knew how to loosen his tongue.

"The most disagreeable thing about it," he said, with an absent air, "is, that the doctor will report the matter to the police, and there will be an investigation."

Fanta nearly dropped his glass.

"What! the police in my house! Then good-bye to our lodgers; we are done for. Why did that stupid girl want to die, I wonder! But perhaps you are mistaken?"

"Oh, no! But don't be alarmed. They will only ask you who the girl is, how she supports herself, and where she lived before she came here?"

"That is exactly what I can't tell!"

Papa Grassot seemed surprised; he frowned, and said: "That's a bad job. How came Mdlle. Gabrielle to have rooms in your house?"

The *conciérge* was evidently ill at ease, but he replied:

"Oh! that is as clear as daylight; if you like I'll tell you the whole story; and you'll see there is no harm in it."

"Well, let me hear."

"Well, then, it was about a year ago a gentleman called here who was quite a fashionable swell, I assure you. He said he had seen the notice of a room to let, and wanted to see it. Of course I told him it was a mere garret, not fit for him, but he insisted and I took him up. I thought he would be disgusted; but no. He looked out of the window, tried the door, said 'This will do,' and hands me a five-franc piece to close the bargain. I was amazed."

If M. Grassot felt any interest in the story, he took pains not to show it, for his eyes wandered as if his thoughts were elsewhere, and he asked in an indifferent way:

"And who was this fashionable young man?"

"That is more than I know, except that his name is Eugène."

That name made the old dealer start, but he recovered quickly,—so quickly that his visitor saw nothing; and then he said quietly,—

"The young man did not give you his surname?"

No."

"But ought you not to have inquired?"

"I should, but I forgot it."

Gradually, by a great effort, Fanta began to master his embarrassment. It looked as if he were preparing himself for an interview with the police.

"I know it was wrong," he continued, "but just think! My room belonged to M. Eugène for I had his money in my pocket. I asked where he lived, and if there was furniture coming. He laughed in my face. 'Do I look,' he said, 'as if I should live here.' And when he saw I was puzzled, he explained that he was taking the room for a young person from the country in whom he took an interest, and that the receipts must be made out in the name of Mdlle. Gabrielle. Still it was my duty to ask him who Mdlle. Gabrielle was, but he got angry and told me it was none of my business."

He stopped, waiting for his host to express his approbation by a word or a sign; but as nothing came, he went on—

"I did not dare to insist, so it was done as he wished. The furniture you saw was sent in from a second-hand shop, and the day after Mdlle. Gabrielle appeared, bringing everything she owned in a little bag in her hand."

The old dealer was stooping over the fire, as if his whole attention was given to the kettle which had just begun to boil.

"It seems to me, my friend," he said, "that you did not act wisely; but if that is all—"

"I have told you the truth," protested the *conciérge*.

But Papa Grassot did not seem quite sure of that.

"Still," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "they will be sure to ask you how one of your tenants could fall into such a state of poverty, and if the young man no longer came to see her, why did you not—"

"But he still came to see her."

In the most natural manner in the world Papa Grassot raised his arms to heaven, and exclaimed, as if horror-stricken,—

"What! is it possible? That handsome young fellow knew how the poor girl suffered? He knew she was dying of hunger?"

Fanta became more and more troubled. He began to see what the old dealer meant by his questions, and how unsatisfactory his answers were.

"It wasn't my duty to look after M. Eugène," he said at last, sullenly; "as for Mdlle. Gabrielle—the little viper!—as soon as she is able to move I'll pack her off out of this."

Grassot shook his head, and said, in his softest voice,—

"You won't do that, because from to-day I will pay the rent for her room myself. And if you wish to *oblige* me you will be both kind and respectful to that young lady."

There was no misunderstanding the meaning of the word "oblige" in that tone of voice, and Fanta was glad to hear his wife's voice calling him. Delighted to escape, he said,—

"I understand, I understand! But excuse me, I am wanted," and slipped away without waiting for an answer, utterly unable to understand the old dealer's sudden interest in a fifth-floor lodger.

"The rascal!" said Papa Grassot to himself. But he had found out all he wished to know; he was alone and had no time to lose, so quickly drawing the kettle off the fire, he produced Gabrielle's letters and held the one addressed to M. Eugène Noriac over the steam of the boiling water. In a moment the mucilage of the envelope was dissolved, and the old man opened the letter and read as follows:—

"You are victorious, M. Noriac. When you read this, I shall have ceased to live. Paul can come back, but you need no longer fear; the secret of your infamy and cowardice I shall carry with me to the grave. Yet, no! I can pardon you, having but a few moments longer to live, but God will not! He will avenge me. Even if it requires a miracle, the man who thought you his friend will yet know how and why the poor girl died whom he had entrusted to your care.—G."

Papa Grassot was white with anger, but his terrible excitement did not prevent him manipulating the second letter, addressed to Count Saint-Roch, in the same way. Successful, as before, he read:—

"Dear Father,—Broken down with anxiety I have waited till this morning for an answer to my humble letter."

"You have never replied to it: you are inexorable. I see I must die. I must appear very guilty in your eyes, father, for you to abandon me thus to the hatred of Zita Denmau, and yet I have suffered terribly. I have struggled hard before I could decide to leave your house,—the house where my mother had died, where I had been so happy, and so beloved by both of you. Ah, if you but knew!"

"And yet it was so little I asked of you!—barely enough to bury my undeserved disgrace in a convent."

"Yes, undeserved, father; for I tell you with my dying breath that my honour was unsullied even if my reputation was lost."

Great tears rolled down the old man's cheeks, and he said in a half choked voice:—

"Poor child! And to think that for a whole year I have lived under the same roof without knowing it. But I am still in time. Chance can be a friend when it chooses!"

Papa Grassot, the astute old dealer, was transfixed.

The two letters he had just read had opened old wounds in his heart. Pain, wrath, and the hope of a long-sought vengeance gave to his features a strange expression of energy and nobility. As his thoughts began to overflow, he broke into a spasmodic monologue:—

"Yes," he murmured, "I recognise your work, Zita Denmau! Poor child, poor child! Overwhelmed by such horrible intrigues. And Paul, who entrusted her to the care of Eugène Noriac, who is he? Why did she not write to him when she suffered thus? Ah, if she had trusted me! But how can I ever hope to gain her confidence?"

A clock struck seven, and he started up, replaced the letters in their envelopes, dried them, pasted them up again, and smoothed them down till every trace of the steam had disappeared. Then, murmuring to himself, "Not so badly done; I may risk it," he rapidly mounted to the fifth story; but there Madame Fanta suddenly barred his way, coming downstairs in a manner which clearly showed that she had lain in wait for him.

"Well, Monsieur," she said, with her sweetest manner, "so you have become Mdlle. Gabrielle's banker?"

"Yes; do you object to it?"

"Oh, not at all! It is none of my business, only—"

She stopped, smiling wickedly, and then added—

"Only she is a very pretty girl; and I was just saying to myself, 'Upon my word, M. Grassot's taste is not bad.'"

The dealer was on the point of giving her a sharpish reply, but he controlled himself, knowing how important it was to mislead this woman; so, forcing a smile, he said:—

"I rely on your discretion."

When he got upstairs he found the ladies had employed their time well.

The cold, bare room, had now an air of comfort. A bright fire blazed on the hearth, the broken window panes were thickly curtained, and on the table stood a tea-kettle, a china cup, and a couple of medicine bottles. In fact, there was no trace left of the terrible danger from which the patient had so marvellously escaped except the deep pallor of her face. Stretched at full length on her comfortable bed, with its thick mattresses and

snowy sheets, her head propped up high on a couple of pillows, she was breathing freely. But life and consciousness had also brought back her capacity for suffering.

Her brow rested on her arm, which was almost concealed by masses of deep brown hair, and her eyes were fixed upon space, as if trying to pierce the darkness of the future. Her exquisite beauty looked almost ethereal, and Papa Grassot remained transfixed with admiration, standing at the open door. But fearing that his feelings might be misinterpreted, he coughed to give warning, and then stepped in. At the noise he made, Gabrielle roused herself, and, when she saw him, faintly said,—

"Ah! it is you, Monsieur. These kind ladies have told me all. You saved my life." Then, shaking her head, she added—

"You have rendered me a sad service, sir."

She uttered these words simply, but in a tone of such intense grief that Papa Grassot was quite overcome.

"Unhappy child!" he exclaimed; "you do not think of trying it again?"

She made no answer; it was almost as if she had said "Yes."

"Why, you must be mad!" cried the old man; "only twenty years old, and give up life! You are suffering now, but you do not know what compensation Providence may have in store for you hereafter—"

"Oh! do not try to convince me, Monsieur. I felt life leaving me, and I only wished to shorten the agony. I had not eaten anything for three days. Even to get the charcoal I had to cheat the woman, who let me have it on credit. Yet Heaven knows, I was not wanting in courage. I would have done the coarsest work cheerfully. But how could I get work? I asked Madame Fanta a hundred times, but she always laughed, and when I begged hard, she said—"

She stopped, her face crimson. She could not repeat what the wife of the *conciérge* had said.

Papa Grassot guessed only too readily what kind of advice Madame Fanta had given the poor girl who had turned to her for help. He uttered an oath which would have startled even that estimable woman, and then said warmly,—

"I understand, Mademoiselle, I understand. I know poverty as well as you. But I do not understand your despair now that circumstances have changed."

"Alas, Monsieur, how have they changed?"

"How? What do you mean? Do you think I would desert you after having saved your life? No, no! Compose yourself; poverty shall not come near you again. I'll see to that. You want some one to advise you—to defend you—and here I am! Come, smile again."

But she did not smile; she seemed alarmed and looked at the old man, as if trying to read his inmost thoughts. He, on his part, was seriously troubled by his failure to inspire her with confidence.

"Do you doubt my promises?" he asked her.

She shook her head.

"Then what can you fear from me? I am an old man, you are almost a child. I come to help you. Is not that perfectly natural and quite simple?"

She said nothing; and he remained buried in thought striving to find her motives for refusing his help. Suddenly he cried,—

"Ah! I have it. That woman, Fanta, has talked to you about me. Come, be frank; what has she told you?"

He hoped she would speak, but nothing came. Then he broke forth with scarcely controlled vehemence,—

"Then I will tell you what she has said! She told you Papa Grassot was a dangerous man, who carried on all kinds of suspicious trades. She told you he was a usurer, who knew no law and kept no promise, whose only principle was profit. She told you that it was a piece of good fortune for a woman to be under my protection, and you knew it was a disgrace! But, if there is such a Papa Grassot as she has described, there is another one, whom few people know. One who has been sorely tried by misfortune, but who now offers his aid to you."

There is no surer way to make people believe in any virtue we have than to accuse ourselves of vices which we have not. But if the old man had calculated upon this he failed signally. Gabrielle remained as icy as ever, and only said,—

"Believe me, Monsieur, I am exceedingly grateful to you for all you have done for me."

The poor man looked disappointed.

"Then you reject my offers because I do not explain them to you by any of the usual motives. Suppose that I had a daughter and that her memory makes me anxious to serve you. May I not have said to myself, perhaps she, like you, is struggling with poverty, deserted by her lover?"

The poor girl turned deadly pale, and interrupted him eagerly.

"You are mistaken, Monsieur. My position here may justify such suspicions, I know; but I have no lover."

He replied, "I believe you; I swear I believe you. But then how were you reduced to such extreme suffering?"

At last Papa Grassot had touched the right chord.

The tears started in the poor girl's eyes as she said in a low voice, "There are secrets which cannot be revealed."

Papa Grassot felt almost sure of success. The time seemed to have come to take a decisive blow.

"I have tried my best to win your confidence, solely in your own interest. Had it been otherwise, do you think I should have asked you these questions instead of finding out everything by simply tearing a piece of paper?"

The poor girl could not restrain a cry of terror.

"You mean my letters?"

By way of answer he laid them on the bed with an air of injured innocence. To all appearance they were untouched. Gabrielle glanced at them, and holding out her hand to the old man, she said:—

"I thank you, Monsieur!"

Grassot felt this false evidence of honesty had helped him more than his eloquence, and hastily added:—

"After all, I could not resist the temptation of reading the direction and drawing my own conclusions. Who is Count Saint-Roch? I suppose he is your father. And M. Eugène Noriac? No doubt he is the young man who called to see you so often. Ah! if you would, but trust me! Tell me as little as you like, and when you like, but promise me solemnly that you will give up all idea of suicide."

"I promise you solemnly I will."

Papa Grassot's eyes sparkled, and he exclaimed joyously,—

"Agreed! I'll come up again to-morrow; for, to tell the truth, I am sadly fatigued, and must lie down."

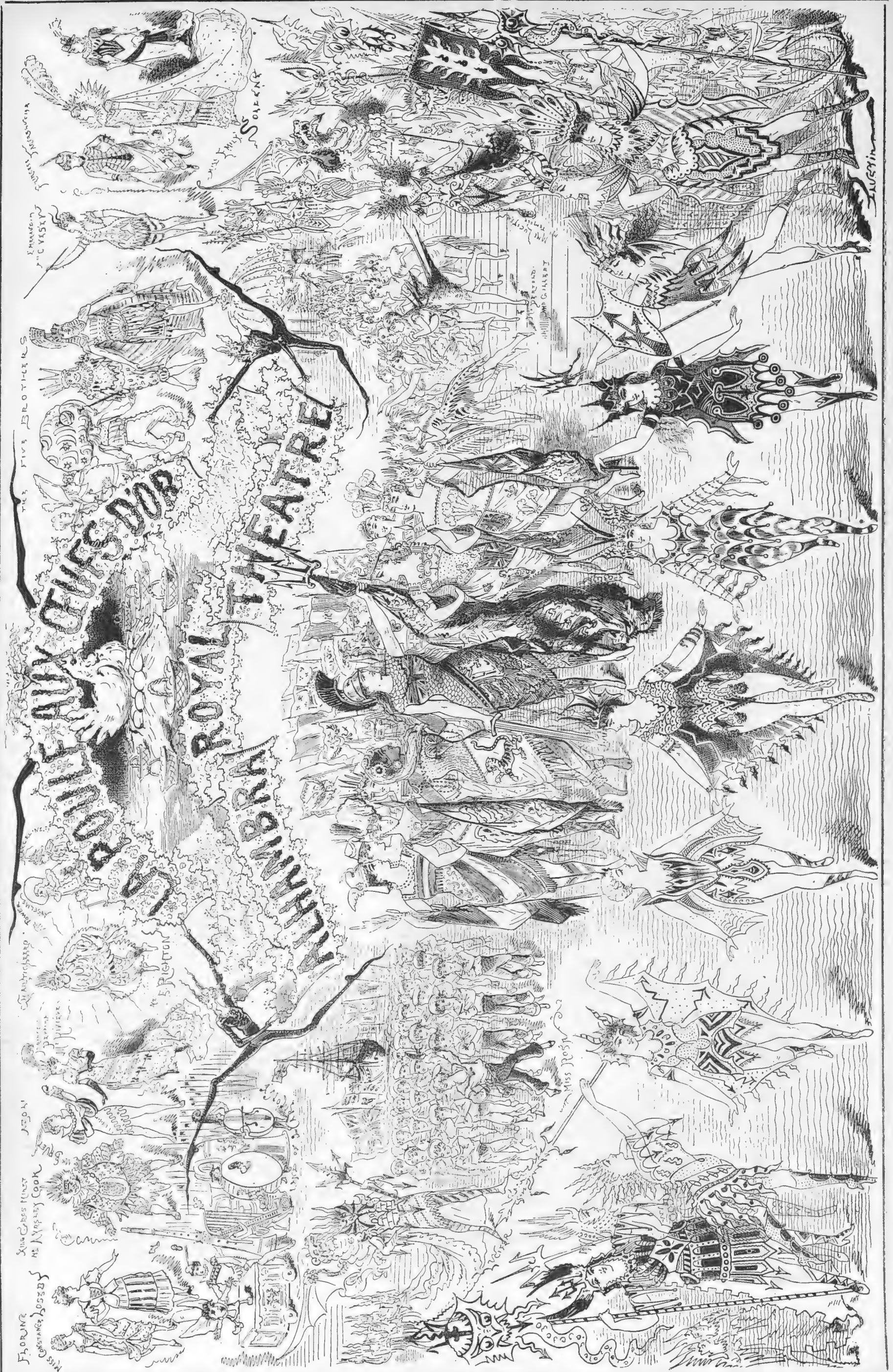
But he told a fib, for he did not go back to his rooms. In spite of the wretched weather he left the house, and as soon as he was in the street he hid himself in a dark corner, from which he could watch the entrance of the house. He remained there a long time, but at last, just as it struck eleven, a cab stopped at No. 23. A young man got out, rang the bell, and entered.

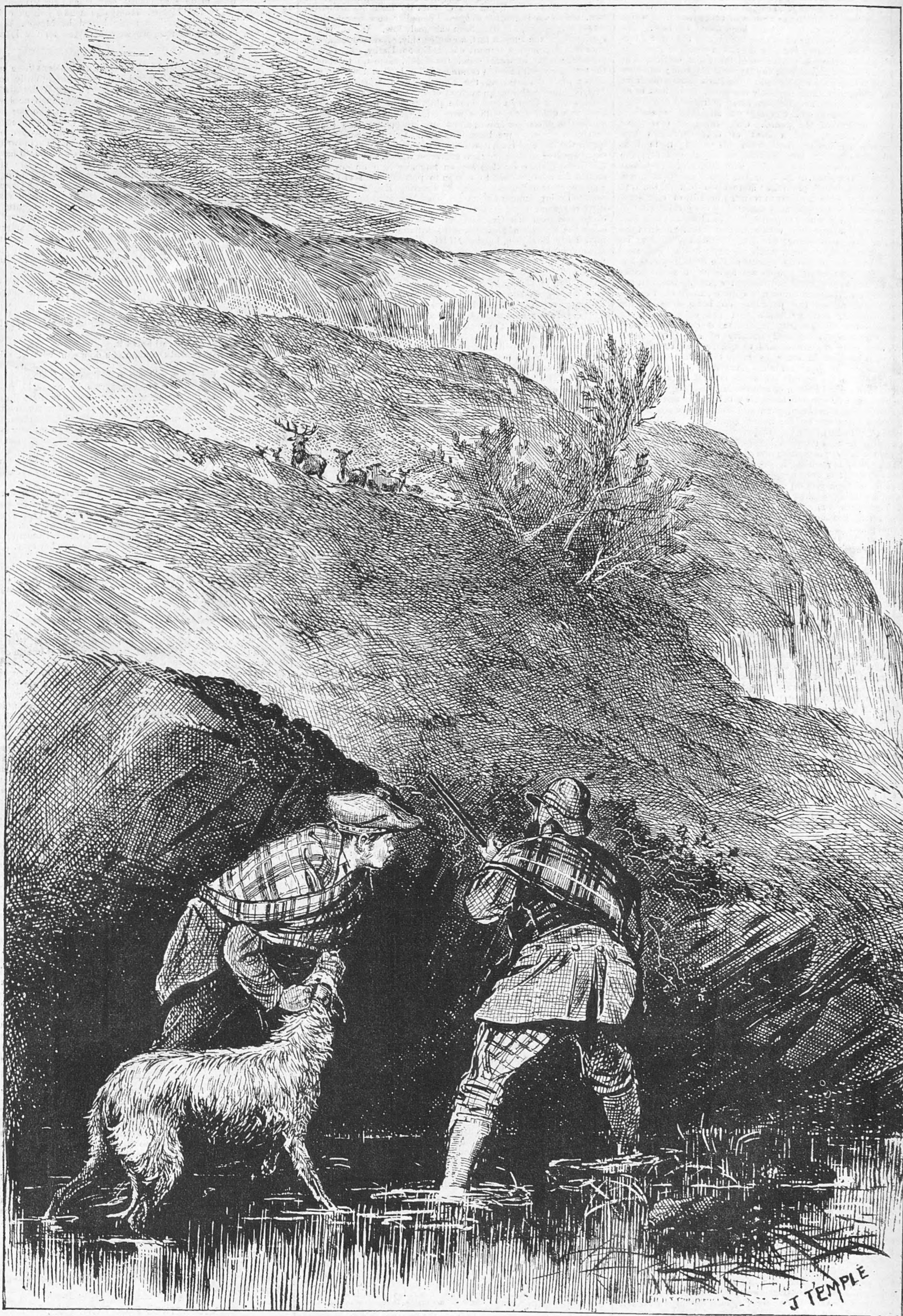
"He is Eugène Noriac," murmured the old man, savagely. "I knew he would come—the scoundrel—to see if the charcoal has done its work."

And when the young man returned and jumped into the carriage, which quickly drove off, Papa Grassot laughed to himself and said,

"You have lost the game, my fine fellow; and now you must deal with me."

(To be continued.)





DEER-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BOOKMAKING AND BOOKMAKERS.

ALL those who are aware how highly popular and flourishing an institution bookmaking has been in Europe ever since the establishment of horseracing, are interested in observing its progress in the States. Strange to say, American sportsmen do not seem to take very kindly to the system of turf speculation which in England and France has always been found the best. The mutual pools were perhaps even more the rage in the large American cities than in Paris; but now the fact is clearly realised that this method of betting is productive of the worst results. The novelty was never received with any favour in England; and even when the pool agencies established on the Paris boulevards drove a roaring trade, night and day, only the small fry of bettors on the French, English, and Belgian races patronised the shops, the big speculators still carrying on all their operations with the knights of the pencil. Only three or four years ago, Oller, Chéron, and a host of other worthies saw their rooms overflowing from noon till midnight, in fact, the pool agencies at last became an actual nuisance, the entire neighbourhood being flooded with idlers of the lowest description. The scum of Paris drifted into these haunts, and when the police entirely prohibited mutual pool-betting, the true lovers of the turf were the first to reap the benefits of that step, for the racecourse was gradually deserted by the greater part of the beggarly loafers, whose only attraction had been the fallacious hope of gaining a large sum with a trifling stake. Even in the heyday of the pool-betting, the large business done by the French bookmakers was never much affected; but in the States, even now that the surprising success of the French system has died out to a great extent, people are as slow to adopt book-betting as they were quick at patronising the pools. Book-betting, as practised on American courses, is a mere parody on the immense operations of the pencilers on both sides of the English Channel, and we think that the chief cause for the non-success of the only legitimate method of betting lies in the inexperience and timidity of our professionals themselves. Any one accustomed to speculate on the English and French turf would smile to hear the offers made by the bookmakers at Jerome Park. Any man making a book, who is afraid to lay against the most fancied horses, cannot expect to have a good custom or to make large winnings. Novices at the business will entrench themselves behind the mathematical proportion which is in their favour, and thereby they net insignificant gains, whereas by the bolder method of the European "bookies," if lucky at all, they might realise large profits. The only way the leviathan bookmakers in France and England have made money is by "peppering the favourites." The "glorious uncertainty" of horseracing is bound to pull them through in the long run. It is only people who know nothing whatever, practically, of book-making who fancy that a bookmaker's gains are made by laying against every horse in the race at a rate of odds that insures him a profit. I read an article the other day by a scientist exposing this fallacious theory, which seems plausible enough on paper, but is utterly impracticable on the course, for no bookmaker could ever be certain of making such operations, or else there would be no such thing as "tips" and "form," and then betting on races would be simply a lottery, with such an enormous percentage in favour of the layer that no one but the veriest greenhorn would be foolish enough to speculate at a certain loss.

Bookmakers do not win large sums by laying against every horse in the race, so that whatever comes in they must be gainers; only persons totally unacquainted with the turf fancy that therein lies their advantage. How they win is by two or three horses only being heavily backed, and those horses about seven times out of ten getting beaten by a rank outsider. Great nerve is required, as well as some capital, to take the risks successful bookmakers have to run daily. Often they themselves fancy a certain horse must win, and yet have to lay against him; but frequently they have a "turn-up," as they phrase it, and "skin the lamb," *Anglicè*, win every bet they have made. Now and again, when only a few horses run in a race, and every one is backed, by clever betting they can "get all round," as they term it, and have a slight but certain profit; but in ninety-five races out of a hundred only a few horses are backed, and a large number remain untouched for a penny. The pencilers have to keep on writing down the names of the favourites, and if any one of these wins they are heavy losers; but they have a lot of starters "running for them," and if any outsider comes in they net a large stake. Years of experience have proved that backing favourites is a losing game in the long run, and yet the public will back favourites, so any bookmaker who has plenty of pluck and enough of cash to meet a "sweetener" now and then, is sure to make a large winning on the *totum* of his operations. Good information, knowledge of form, and immense capital, all these have been brought to bear against that proverbial "glorious uncertainty" which really seems to be a fundamental principle on the turf, and all have failed. Great fortunes have been lost in the attempt to "break the ring." The bookmakers are a powerful fraternity; they have the advantage over backers, and they keep it. In England to-day, and in France as well, there is a very army of touts, sustained by the professionals. From morning till night, all through the racing year, messages flash along the wires, which in a few minutes entirely alter the state of the market, sent by these indefatigable spies, who infest every training ground and private course in the country, and whose wiles and ruses to surprise secret form, are worthy of the feats of Cooper's redskins. It is a daily struggle, hand-to-hand, between the "gentlemen" and the ring, and the ring-men know that although they stand on surer ground, they need all their caution, and all their activity to retain the advantages they have won.

That book-making is a most lucrative trade is proved by the fact of so many bookmakers in France and England being men of great wealth. But the timid "all-round" layers never come to anything, and this is the reason why the poor-spirited French-born turfite who dabbles in laying the odds is and remains a pettifogger. He wins a trifle every race-day, but never has a tithe of the winnings that the bold and plucky Englishman nets when the favourites go wrong. The Frenchman is too small in his views, too deficient in "stomach," to write up the liberal prices his rivals hold out, and he really seems afraid every horse in the race will win. The heads of the profession in France and England pile up the money against the public fancies, and sometimes are very hard hit, but they have a broad enough view to perceive that three times out of five they will win, and so at the end of the season they can point to thousands of pounds profit. I think it was Crutch Robinson, the once famous English bookmaker, who said his motto was—"Lay against the favourites as long as you can."

An instance of the pluck and grit that make a great winner at bookmaking has been furnished in France by the career of Henry Saffery. About nine years ago Saffery was a clerk in a clothing store, with small wages, and the usual English love for horseracing. He would back his fancy now and then in the Rue Choiseul, and one day landed a fair stake. Seeing that the bookmakers had everything their own way, he resolved to lay the odds, and from the very start he went against the favourites. His capital increased, and his operations expanded, but he stuck to his principles, and offered the highest odds of anyone. He had some knock-down blows, but his pluck and spirit never failed

him, while his honesty and his politeness also gained him many customers. He now handles thousands every race-day, and steadily wins, being worth no doubt a half a million dollars, gained in four or five years. He is always ready to lay the odds against every horse to any amount, and all the members of the Jockey Club and the Salon des Courses do their business with him. Macevoy is another successful penciler, now very wealthy, whose origin is said to have been extremely low. Wright is also a celebrity of the French turf, a gentlemanly, agreeable man, who once lost an immense amount on an Epsom Derby, and, though nobody thought he would stand the shock, came up to time at the settlement with his hat crammed full of bank notes. He now does a good business on the French Turf. Morris—"Tubby Morris" they call him, on account of his rotund corporation—is to be seen at Coney's and in the ring, transacting large operations in a quiet style, with a wonderful facility for calculation, which always enables him to know how his book stands, though hundreds of bets have been inscribed. This is a rare faculty, which the Duke of Hamilton did not possess in youth, for he became involved in such hopeless confusion with his first volume on the Derby that he stood to lose an immense sum on any horse, so that his relatives had to step in to prevent the sacrifice. A well-known marchioness, whom all sporting England has often seen following famous finishes in breathless agitation, was little more cognisant of the result of her voluminous though petty operations than His Grace of Hamilton himself. On the day when the Marquis of Hastings lost a fortune by the defeat of his filly, Lady Elizabeth, in the Middle Park Plate, and stepped down from his coign of vantage with a smooth and smiling countenance, the bewildered lady was emboldened to ask him how she stood. "You have lost £22, my lady," said the unruffled young lord of Donnington, as he handed back with a graceful bow her brightly-bound betting-book, after rapidly computing the disjointed record. He had lost as many thousands.

These are degenerate days compared to those of the princely plunger, as well with the bookmakers as the backers. Then the knights of the metallic pencil laid a fortune against a horse in one bet, and sums changed hands over Derbys and Cambridgeshires which would have purchased a town. Heavy betting is no longer the fashion in England, though one would scarcely think so to go into the ring at Epsom, Newmarket, or Goodwood, to stand in the midst of that swaying, roaring mass of humanity, and hear hundreds and thousands jotted down on every side at a single stroke.

The late lamented Mr. George Payne was himself a shining light of the plunging school, and had traversed the various periods when speculation on the turf ran very high. His loss of £33,000 on Jerry's St. Leger is legendary, as also his more than recouping himself on the following Derby through the advice of the then reigning king of the ring. The present leviathan bookmakers in England do not conclude such immense operations as of yore, but the sums they lose and win on a race merely by standing against the favourites, would open the eyes of many of those gentlemen who write knowingly about the principles by which a bookmaker is sure to win without having enough practical experience of their subject to know that such principles are impossible of application.

It is a pity that an institution which, like bookmaking, has stood the test of public patronage for a century in England, and for nearly half that period in France, against all innovations, should so slowly make its way in the States. With a little more pluck in its practice the trade would be found a wonderfully good one, and then, when conducted on more large and liberal principles, it would find favour with the sporting public. "Nothing venture, nothing win" should be the bookmaker's motto, as also that of old Crutch Robinson, "Never leave off laying against the favourites." They should abandon the petty method of restricting the odds, so as to lay to a sure gain, expand the prices, attract custom, and bear the brunt of occasional loss, certain to come out largely ahead on the whole.—E. H. DELILLE, in the *New York Spirit of the Times*.

RACES WON BY FAVOURITES.

BACKERS of the favourites for the principal races of the season have had no reason to complain of their luck this year, for they have been successful nine times out of twenty-two, and in three other instances the second favourite has obtained the victory. Kaleidoscope started second favourite at 6 to 1 when he won the Lincolnshire Handicap, but there were three better favourites than Shifnal when he secured the Grand National Steeplechase. Sefton was third favourite for the City and Suburban Stakes, but Mida started at very long odds for the Metropolitan Stakes. Pilgrimage was first favourite at the start both for the Two and the One Thousand Guineas, as Pageant was for the Chester Cup. Sefton, however, stood only fifth in the list of Derby favourites, and Jannette when she won the Oaks was not in quite such good demand as Pilgrimage. Glangarry and Verneuil were less thought of than any of the other competitors for the Prince of Wales's Stakes and the Gold Cup at Ascot, but Verneuil, after his victory in the latter race, was a great favourite for the Alexandra Plate, and Glastonbury, winner of the Northumberland Plate, and Norwich, the winner of the Goodwood Stakes, both started in better demand than any of their opponents. Kincesm stood at longer odds for the Goodwood Cup than either Pageant or Lady Golightly, and when Caerou won the Ebor Handicap for Mr. Cartwright he was only third favourite. Jannette was first favourite for the St. Leger, and though Jester stood at 20 to 1 when he won the Cesarewitch, first favourites were again successful in the Middle Park Plate, won by Peter, and in the Champion Stakes, secured by Jannette. As was the case last year, when Jongleur stood at 33 to 1, the Cambridgeshire was won by a horse against whom very long odds were betted; and although the three first favourites occupied the three first places in the Liverpool Cup, victory did not remain with that one of the three which stood at the shortest odds. If an investment of ten pounds had been made upon the favourite for each of these races, it would have been lost thirteen times; but upon nine occasions when it would have been won there would have been a return of £170; so that the net profit would have been £40 for the whole season. But it would be rash indeed to infer that because a single season shows a balance to the credit of those who put their trust in favourites this mode of operation is a lucrative one, and the mere fact that "bookmakers" as a rule grow rich and "backers" poor should be sufficient to stop the foolhardy youths who think that taking the odds is a royal road to fortune.—*The Daily News*.

WE have some tough old veteran sportsmen among us yet to show us what giants our grandfathers were:—"The *Sheffield Telegraph* says that at the last meet of Mr. Arkwright's hounds at Brackenfield, Mr. James Mounteney, sen., of Westington, now in his 85th year, was mounted on a spirited young mare, following the hounds, and taking his fences with the foremost. Mr. Mounteney is believed to be the oldest rider to hounds in England."

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, in its vast superiority to gas and all other forms of artificial light, is an apt illustration of the position which GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY maintains in comparison with all other Liqueurs, in its perfection of rich fruity flavour, which is effectively brought out when consumed with hot water. Enquire for it at all Bars, Restaurants, and Wine Stores. Manufacturer, Thomas Grant, Distillery Maidstone.—[ADVT.]

REVIEWS.

"THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON."

WE last week made a somewhat serious and curious blunder in attributing to the Messrs. Routledge a new edition of the above work with illustrations really issued by Messrs. Ward and Lock, to whose courtesy we were indebted for the loan of blocks.

A Tragedy Indeed. By H. MAINWARING DUNSTAN. 2 vols. Remington and Co.—This novel can be conscientiously commended to all lovers of exciting romance, being a translation from the French of Adolphe Belot. The story commences with the arrival in Paris of a young married lady, who has been obliged to leave her husband for two months, and who, joyous beyond measure at the expected meeting, only reaches home to find her husband assassinated, and a paper in his handwriting asking her to avenge him; that the assassin is—, death having overtaken him before he could fill in the name. The story consists in a highly ingenious and dramatic plot for the bringing to justice of the unknown murderer, and those who prefer excitement to probability will be gratified to the full, for the interest is strong, and maintained to the last. We might take exception to the too literal translation of that part which is occupied with a detailed account of the inner life of one of the characters, a member of the *demi-monde*; and the following scene strikes us as a little too French for most English readers:—

"For pity's sake be tender to me and tell me my fate! Must I die or hope?"

"Hope!" exclaimed Julia suddenly.

"And with that Italian ardour of hers, that *furia* so long restrained, she threw her arms around him.

"Their lips met in one long kiss.

"At the same moment a cry resounded from the other side of the glass door.

"Neither Julia nor Savari heard it.

"To the cry succeeded the noise of a door shut with a crash.

"Vibert fled.

"He gained the street, and was in doubt what to do.

"All of a sudden, panting and desperate, he formed his resolution. He crossed the Boulevards, went down the Rue Taibout into the Rue du Houssaye, which then was a continuation of the Rue Taibout, and thence to the Rue des Trois Frères. He stopped opposite a house, rang the bell with a trembling hand, hurried past the porter, hurling, as it were, a name at him, and went up to the second floor.

"It was then eleven o'clock, and Soleil-Couchant had just turned her young Englishman, who weighed on her spirit that evening, out of doors.

"Holloa," she exclaimed, as she saw Vibert. "You here at this hour."

"You offered me your love," he replied curtly: "I accept it."

"I have only one word for you—Welcome!" said she.

"Then, in the most brusque manner, he drew her towards him, took her head between his hands, and looked into her eyes. Then, quickly putting her away from him, he said—

"No, no, it is not her look: it is not she. I will not. Adieu!"

"It was scarcely worth while coming for that," said Soleil-Couchant, as she saw him going away. "I must say," she added, with a sigh, "he is a regular cure."

Left to Themselves. A Boy's Adventures in Australia. By AUGUSTA MARRYAT. With original illustrations. London: F. Warne and Co.—Few boys will fail to find in this little book a story thoroughly to their taste. A hearty ring of boyish energy and impulsiveness exists in the dialogues and characters, and the love of fun and mischief natural to high-spirited lads is not toned down to the water and milk pitch of the goody-goody story-books. A large amount of useful information is given, without any appearance of its being the result of anything but the story itself, and there is plenty of excitement without anything of the extravagant and unwholesome element of excitement which we call sensationalism. Sport and travel are the prominent features, and incidentally we find instruction in many of those amusements in which home-loving lads find delight. A ghost story and an account of Christmas doings at Sunny Slope give the book a seasonable tinge, and altogether we cannot do better than recommend the volume as an excellent gift-book for boys, for which they are sure to be enthusiastically grateful.

Science for All. Edited by ROBERT BROWN, M.A., Ph.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S., &c. Vol. I. (illustrated). Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London, Paris, and New York.—This is a volume admirably adapted for presentation, as one in which the dry details of scientific study are made interesting for even the most indolent reader. It is full of admirable illustrations, and deals with the entire round of the sciences in articles of a popular kind from the pens of the most reliable and accomplished authorities, amongst whom we may name Mr. Richard A. Proctor, H. Alleyne Nicholson, Professor Robert Wilson, of Edinburgh, J. E. H. Gordon (the assistant secretary of the British Association for the Advancement of Science), W. B. Ferguson, B. B. Woodward (of the British Museum), and many others.

Common Mind Troubles. By J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE. London: Hardwicke and Bogue. As a work of the highest importance and usefulness, we see no reason why this slim and modest-looking little volume should not have its place amongst the gift-books of the season. The subject it deals with is not, it is true, a pleasant one to think about; but then a gift-book is not of necessity a thing to be read during the holiday festivities, but rather a something which shall merit careful preservation, and frequent after use, in both of which respects Mr. Granville's book will be found valuable.

Our Horses: being Anecdotes from Personal Experience of Individual Horses, &c. By Colonel E. A. HARDY. London: W. Ridgway.—This is a most interesting little "booklet," of which no one who loves a horse should fail to obtain a copy. The amount of practical advice and the number of suggestive anecdotes of real utility packed into the small compass of its 115 pages are rich in both quantity and quality.

Bird-Keeping. By E. E. DYSON. With coloured illustrations. London: F. Warne & Co. This is a new edition of a very pretty and useful volume, which all who keep, or "fancy," birds, or are interested in the nature, or history, habits, peculiarities, and general characteristics, should, and may, easily enough (for it is wonderfully cheap), possess.

We have received the Winter Edition of *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*, published at the *Sportsman* office. It is, as usual, full of information, and, in fact, is a publication which no racing man can do without.

MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

WE are compelled for want space to hold over notices of magazines for the New Year until next week.

TABLE D'HOTE (for Ladies and Gentlemen) from 5.30 till 8 o'clock, 3s. 6d.
BUFFET (open from 10 a.m. till midnight), for Light Refreshment Luncheons served from 12 till 3 o'clock.
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 SPRINGFIELD - - - " " Twenty Races.

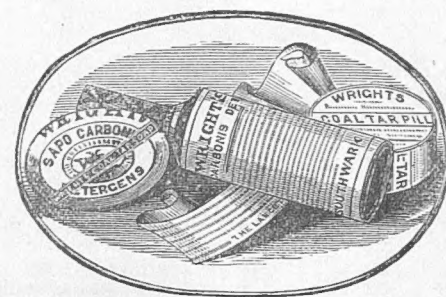
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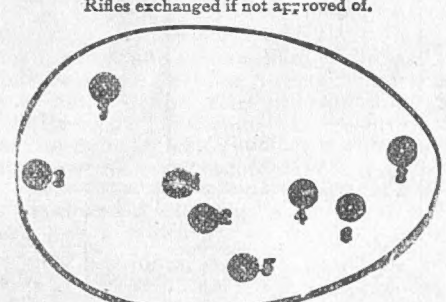
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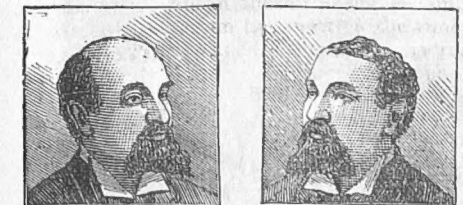
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